

THE FIVE SENSES



ANGELA M. KEYES

Illustrated by

JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH



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THE FIVE SENSES



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T A S T I N G

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By

ANGELA M. KEYES

ILLUSTRATED

BY

JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

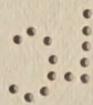


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FOREWORD

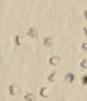
HERE IS AN EASY BOOK OF JOYOUS LITERATURE FOR THE CHILDREN. IT IS FULL OF GOOD THINGS.

IT WILL HELP NOT ONLY TO QUICKEN THE CHILDREN'S SENSES, BUT TO BROADEN THEIR SYMPATHY AND ENRICH THEIR CULTURE. BEST OF ALL IT WILL PLEASE THEM.

SOME OF IT MAY BE PLAYED AS WELL AS READ.

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CONTENTS

I TASTING

	PAGE
A Live Potato	Hans Christian Andersen 3
The Cow	Robert Louis Stevenson 4
The Mouse and the Sausage	A French Tale 5
A Problem	Old Rhyme 7
Oeyvind and Marit	Björnstjerne Björnson 8
The Tree	Björnstjerne Björnson 13
The Best Prize 14
The Dwarf Roots' Story of the Pumpkin Seed	Angela M. Keyes 17
Mine Host of "The Golden Ap- ple"	Thomas Westwood 22
Two Wild Creatures at Meals	Angela M. Keyes 23
The Cat and the Parrot	Eastern Folk Tale 26
The Windmill	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 30
Table Rules for Little Folks 32

II SMELLING

Why the Honeysuckle Came Out at Night	Angela M. Keyes 37
A Song of Clover	"Saxe Holm" 41
A Game of What We Saw in the Giant's Castle	Angela M. Keyes 42

CONTENTS

	PAGE	
The Fragrant Tulip Bed	Angela M. Keyes	44
Violets	Dinah Maria Muloch	47
The Japanese Game of Perfumes	48
Little White Lily	George Macdonald	53
The Snail and the Rose Tree	Hans Christian Andersen	55
The Herb Shop	Angela M. Keyes	57

III

TOUCHING

The Elf and the Dormouse	<i>Oliver Herford</i>	76
A Riddle	78
The Elves and the Shoemaker	<i>Folk Tale</i>	79
Little Brown Hands	82
Jack the Giant Killer	<i>English Folk Tale</i>	84
Bees	<i>Frank D. Sherman</i>	87
A Chill	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i>	88
What Black Beauty Did	<i>Anna Sewell</i>	89
The Story and Game of Going to School	<i>Angela M. Keyes</i>	92
Agnese and Her Fruit Stand	<i>Angela M. Keyes</i>	96
Good and Bad Apples	106
Whittling	<i>John Pierpont</i>	115
The Flax	<i>Hans Christian Andersen</i>	117
The Masque of the Five Senses	<i>Angela M. Keyes</i>	123

IV

HEARING

Babes in the Wood	143
The Table and the Chair	<i>Edward Lear</i>	145
Lower Than the Beasts	<i>An Old Tale</i>	147
Windy Nights	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	151
A Boy's Song	<i>James Hogg</i>	152
What Frank Heard	<i>Angela M. Keyes</i>	154

CONTENTS

ix

	PAGE
To-morrow	159
The Children's Festival	Angela M. Keyes
Deaf and Dumb	160
The Nightingale	Hans Christian Andersen
What the Birds Heard from Francis	167
	168
	181

V

SEEING

The Dragon Fly	Hans Christian Andersen
The Lost Doll	Charles Kingsley
The Moon	Charles Kingsley
How the Flowers Kept Turning Around	168
Romance	Angela M. Keyes
What Happens to the Flowers	185
The Peddlar's Caravan	Gabriel Setoun
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	188
The Blind Boy	Angela M. Keyes
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	189
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	Angela M. Keyes
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	190
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	Gabriel Setoun
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	195
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	Angela M. Keyes
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	197
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	William B. Rands
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	206
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	What I Saw a Sparrow Do
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	207
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	Colley Cibber
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	209
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	What I Saw a Sparrow Do
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	210
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	What I Saw a Sparrow Do
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	215
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	Angela M. Keyes
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	219
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	Robert Louis Stevenson
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	224
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	What I Saw a Sparrow Do
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	225
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	What I Saw a Sparrow Do
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	228
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	Angela M. Keyes
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	230
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	What I Saw a Sparrow Do
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	231
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	Hannah More
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	232
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	Frank Dempster Sherman
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	233
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	Vernon L. Kellogg
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	235
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	What I Saw a Sparrow Do
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	238
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	Three Pairs and One
What I Saw a Sparrow Do	252

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

		FACING PAGE
Tasting	- - - - -	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Smelling	- - - - -	36
Touching	- - - - -	72
Hearing	- - - - -	142
Seeing	- - - - -	184

I
TASTING

*“A drop of sour mixed with the sweet,
You’ll find in all things good to eat,”
Grown folks say it’s always so,
And I’ve found out that grown folks know.*

THE FIVE SENSES

A LIVE POTATO

ONCE, as an old woman sat out in a potato field, holding a large potato in her hand, it came alive and began to talk about itself.

“When we first went to Europe,” it said, “people did not know us. The King sent word to every house how good we are and how well we should be treated. But no one believed it.

“No one knew even how to plant us. One man dug a hole and threw his bushel of potatoes into it. Another stuck his potatoes in the ground, one here, another there, and waited for them to grow. He thought they would shoot up into potato trees and bear potatoes, just as apple trees bear apples. There came buds, and stems, and flowers, and watery fruit, but it all withered away.

“By and by men thought of digging into the earth, and there at last they found us.”

“Well, I found you there, anyway,” said the old woman, “and you’ll find yourself in the pot next.”

And it did.

FROM HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

THE FIVE SENSES

THE COW

THE friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE MOUSE AND THE SAUSAGE

ONCE upon a time a little mouse and a little sausage loved each other so much they made up their minds to live together. They planned that every other day one might go to walk in the fields, or to town to buy food; and the other stay at home to keep the house tidy.

One day when the little mouse got back from town she found the little sausage had cooked cabbage for dinner. The little mouse had brought home a good appetite, and she enjoyed the cabbage greatly.

"Little dear," she said, "how delicious the cabbage is to-day."

"Ah!" answered the little sausage, "that is because I popped myself into the pot while it was cooking."

The next day, as it was her turn to get the meals ready, the little mouse said to herself, "Now I will do as much for my friend as she did for me. We shall have lentils for dinner, and I will jump into the pot while they are boiling." So she did, without stopping to think that a simple sausage can do some things not to be attempted by even the wisest mouse.

When the sausage came home she found the house lonely and silent. She called again and again, "My lit-

tle mouse! Mouse of my heart!" But no one answered. Then she went to look at the lentils boiling on the stove. Alas! there was her good friend, boiled dead for love of her.

The poor sausage could never get over the grief of it. That is why to-day, when you put one in the pan or on a gridiron you will hear her weep and sigh, "M-my p-poor m-mouse! M-my p-poor m-mouse!"

French tale

(I've set this story down here, though some may think it has more to do with love than sausages. Others may think it hasn't. Let us not puzzle our heads over the question. The story's the thing.)

A PROBLEM

IF all the land were apple pie,
And all the sea were ink;
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we do for drink?

Old rhyme

OEYVIND AND MARIT

THERE was once a boy named Oeyvind who lived in a hut on the side of a steep rocky hill. On the roof of the hut walked a little goat. Oeyvind kept it there so that it might not go astray, and he carried up leaves and grass to it.

But one fine day the goat leaped down. Away it went up the hill. It went straight up and came where it never had been before. When Oeyvind ran out of the hut after dinner he missed his little goat and at once thought of the fox. He looked all about, calling, "Killy-killy-killy-goat!"

"Bay-ay-ay," said the goat, from the top of the hill, as it cocked its head on one side and looked down. And there at the side of the goat kneeled a little girl.

"Is it yours, this goat?" she asked.

Oeyvind stared at her, with eyes and mouth wide open, and asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Marit, mother's little one, father's fiddle, grandfather's elf, four years old in the autumn, two days after the frost nights.

"Are you?" he said, as soon as he could get his breath.

"Is it yours, this goat?" she asked.

“Yes,” he said.

“I should like it. You will not give it to me?”

“No, that I won’t.”

Marit lay down kicking her legs and looking down at him, and then she said, “Not if I give you a buttercake for it?”

“Let me see the buttercake first?” said he.

It didn’t take her long to pull out a large cake. “Here it is,” she said, and threw it down to him.

“Ow, it went to pieces,” said the boy. He gathered up every crumb, and he couldn’t help tasting a very, very small one. That was so good he had to eat another. Before he knew it, he had eaten up the whole cake.

“Now the goat is mine,” said the girl, and she laughed and clapped her hands. The boy stopped with the last bit in his mouth.

“Wait a little while,” he begged, for he loved his little goat.

The small girl got up quickly. “No, the goat is mine,” she said, and threw her arms around its neck. She loosened one of her garters and fastened it round the goat’s neck and began pulling the goat after her. The goat would not follow; it twisted its neck down to see Oeyvind.

“Bay-ay-ay,” it said. But the girl took hold of its hair with one hand and pulled the string with the other and said gently “Come, little goat, you shall go into my room and eat out of my apron.” And then she sang

“ ‘Come, boy’s goat,
Come, mother’s calf,
Come, mewing cat
In snow-white shoes;
Come, yellow ducks,
Come out of your hiding place;
Come, little chickens,
Who can hardly go;
Come, my doves
With soft feathers;
See, the grass is wet,
But the sun does you good:
And early, early, is it in summer.’ ”

And away she went with the goat, calling on all living things she loved to follow.

The boy stood as still as a stone. He had taken care of the goat since the winter before and he had never thought he would lose it. But now it was gone in a moment for a buttercake and he would never see it again. He lay down and wept.

His mother came along, and saw him crying, so she went up to him.

“What are you crying about?”

“O, the goat, the goat!”

“Yes, where is the goat?” asked his mother, looking up at the roof.

“It will never come back,” said the boy.

“Dear me! how could that happen?”

He could not tell at once.

“Has the fox taken it?”

“No, O, no.”

“Are your wits gone?” said his mother; “what has become of the goat?”

“Oh-h-h—I sold it for—for—a cake!”

As soon as he had said the word he knew better what it was to sell the goat for a cake.

“What can the little goat think of you, to sell it for a cake?” said his mother.

The boy felt so sorry that he said to himself he would never again do anything wrong. He would never cut the thread on the spinning wheel, he would never let the goats out, he would never go down to the sea alone. He fell asleep where he lay and he dreamed that the little goat had gone to heaven and that he sat alone on the roof and could not go to it.

Suddenly there came something wet close up to his ear. He started up. “Bay-ay-ay!” it said. It was the goat, come back.

“What! have you come back?” he cried. He jumped up, took it by the forelegs, and danced with it as if it were a brother. He tickled it and pulled its beard, and set off with it to the hut to tell his mother the good news.

Just then he heard someone behind him. There was the little girl.

“Oh, so it was you who brought it back?” said he.

“Grandfather would not let me keep it,” said she; “he is waiting near for me.”

A sharp voice called out, "Now!" It was her grandfather's and she remembered what she was to do. She put one of her muddy hands into Oeyvind's and said, "I beg your pardon for taking the little goat." Then she could keep in no longer; she threw her arms around the goat's neck and wept aloud.

"You may have the goat," said Oeyvind.

"Make haste," cried grandfather. Marit had to go. So Oeyvind had his little goat again.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN

THE TREE

THE Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.

"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung.
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow.
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see;
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN

THE BEST PRIZE

TWAS Fair Day. There was a great stir. The whole farm knew it had come at last.

The white cock with the coral red comb shouted it to the barnyard at sunrise. And he stood on the very highest post where all might see that such a fine cock should get a prize. The white hens laid eggs with very rough shells for the judges to feel at once how fresh they were. The geese stopped gabbling to preen their snowy feathers and polish their yellow bills. Yes, every fowl was putting the best foot forward.

It was the same way in the cowyard. At daybreak the cows set off a little faster than usual to crop the sweetest green pastures and to drink the clearest waters. They were fat and sleek already, but there was nothing like a last touch. And when they came back they gave the milkmaid such foaming pails of good rich milk that she cried, "The dairy will bring the farmer's wife the first prize. O what cream she will be able to send and what sweet butter."

It was the same way in the pig pen. The big pigs made their fat a little whiter and firmer by crunching butternuts. The young pink and white curly ones kept

themselves as clean as new pins as they ate soft mash from well scoured troughs.

The farmer and his wife, and their men and maids knew it best of all. It was they who had toiled early and late for it. They had fed and cared the animals. They had ploughed the hard earth. They had sown the seed and kept it free from stone and choking weed.

Now their hearts swelled with pride. The corn was ripe and milky in the ear. The buckwheat was brown and fragrant. The oats were heavy at the heads. In the orchards peaches were bursting with juice, pears were golden, apples were round and red and very white when you bit into them.

“Field and orchard will take a first prize,” said the men to the farmer.

“So will the kitchen garden,” said the maids to the farmer’s wife. “Look at the tomatoes! How full and heavy they are. And see the big yellow squashes, to say nothing of the bigger fat pumpkins.”

“It was worth all the hard work,” said the farmer to his wife when the men and maids had gone. He and she with their children were having a last look before he made a choice of what to take to the fair.

“Yes,” said she, “you may make sure of more than one prize.”

“Well, whether we get a prize or not, we shall harvest good, sweet food any way, and plenty for man and beast. If everyone who eats of it, when we sell it at market,

grows as rosy as you,"—here he pinched his wife's cheek—“and as you,”—here he pinched the baby's and the small boy's and the small girl's—“that's the best prize of all.”

Well, that morning he took the best of everything to the fair, from barnyard, cowyard, pig pen, dairy, field, orchard, and kitchen garden. The judges looked at everything from this side and that, from far and from near, and then they said, “Four first prizes and three seconds.”

Proud and happy that evening were barnyard and cow-yard and pig pen and field and dairy and orchard and kitchen garden and men and maids and master and mistress and little boy and little girl and even the baby.

“I was sure of it,” said the splendid white cock with the coral red comb.

“I was sure of it,” said the farmer's wife.

“So am I now,” said the farmer. “But I like best the best prize.” And again he pinched her cheek and the rosy cheeks of his son and his daughter. He would have pinched the baby's too; but that wise little one was fast asleep in bed making it still plumper and rosier.

THE DWARF ROOTS' STORY OF THE PUMPKIN SEED

DID you ever hear the story of the pumpkin seed that made a feast of his insides, and found his outsides changed surprisingly, and went down a pig's throat, and was happy? Ever since it happened the dwarf roots, who live below the ground, tell it to the pumpkin seeds. They say they heard it from the wind one day when the farmer's spade laid the ground open and let the wind in. And the wind says he heard the farm children's grandmother tell it. And she says she heard it from her grandmother. So you see it's an old story, and time you heard it. Then

Throw the nuts in
And let us straight begin.

Before the dwarf roots tell the story they stroke their beards that have grown fast into the ground like hairy threads, and cry out, "Once upon a, twice upon a, thrice upon a time." And all the little pumpkin seeds lying low in the ground know a story is coming and swell with joy. After that the dwarf roots tell the story as 'twas told to me. So

Throw the nuts in
And turn the first about,
And let's not stop again
Until the tale is out.

Here's the tale.

Early in the spring when things with legs all walk abroad and garden folks are born, a little pumpkin seed stuck his head above ground. He arrived with his cap on, as little pumpkin seeds do, but as soon as he could he shook it off, and looked about him to find out what he was to do. And who should he see come trotting down the garden path toward him but a little sniffing, squealing pig, poking his snout into everything and gobbling it up.

Now, how he came to know it, the little pumpkin seed never could tell, but all of a sudden he sang out:

“I'm for your betters,
Not you, Piggy Wig,
When juicy I've grown
And round and big;
Then I'll change into something
Which winks and blinks
And with boys and girls
Plays high jinks;
But when I'm out,
Snip, snap, snout,
You may have me,
It's your turn to shout.”

The little pig was so astonished that he stood straight up on his hind legs and curled his tail in a tight knot, for all the world as if he were a performing pig in a circus. When he was firm on his legs again he was just going to open his mouth when he saw the farmer coming down the path. So instead, he ran squealing from the garden. Some dwarf roots who tell the story say he was going to gobble up the little pumpkin. And others say he was going to answer in pig's rhyme:

“When it's time to shout,
With my sniffy snout
I'll smell you out.”

However this may be, the next time he came trotting that way, he poked his snout into a wire netting. The farmer had put it around the kitchen garden to keep him out. So that was the last the little pumpkin seed saw of him for many a long day.

But the pumpkin seed knew now what he should do. He stood up straight in the sunlight and soft rain. And he grew and grew and covered himself with blossoms and then let them all drop off except one. And out of that he made a little pumpy pumpkin. And by harvest time he had that so fat and round and yellow and juicy that the dwarf roots' mouths water when they tell of it.

The farmer gathered the pumpkin in a great basket. And his wife scooped out the splendid insides of it and made of them deep rich pies for the Thanksgiving

feast that the farmer's family eat together in thankfulness to God for health and plenty. Everyone comes to the feast: grandfather and grandmother and uncles and aunts and all the children, first cousins and second cousins and third cousins and fourth cousins and fifth cousins, down to the littlest babies that can do nothing when they're not feeding and sleeping but gurgle and crow at their fingers and toes. To be sure, when the grownups bite into the deep, rich pumpkin pies they can do nothing either but gurgle and smack their lips.

So it was that the inside of the pumpkin did its part and made a feast and came to glory.

But what of the outside? You shall hear. It happened that very night.

The outside fell into the hands of a boy who could work surprising changes in things. He worked one in the outside of the pumpkin. Some dwarf roots say he turned it into a Jack-o'-lantern, and some say into a goblin. Anyway, there it was that night stuck in the farmer's hitching post and changed most surprisingly. It had a head that glowed like fire in the darkness, and big round eyes that winked and blinked every time the wind blew, and a mouth that grinned from ear to ear when the big boys and girls made the little ones run past it. The little ones would steal up softly. And just when they were near the fiery head the big ones would cry out, "Look out, little uns, the goblin 'll git cher." And the little ones would dash past, laughing and shrieking.

So it was that the outside of the pumpkin did its part and played high jinks with the children. Great fun it was; and it kept up until the farmer called out, "Time for bed, boys and girls."

Just as he said this the wind sprang up and put out the fire in the pumpkin's head and blew him off the hitching post. And the next thing he knew he was going down a pig's throat, the very piggy wig he met so long ago.

Snip snap, snout,
This tale's out!
The pig has him now,
It's his turn to shout.

ANGELA M. KEYES

MINE HOST OF "THE GOLDEN APPLE"

A GOODLY host one day was mine,
A Golden Apple his only sign,
That hung from a long branch, ripe and fine.

My host was the bountiful apple tree;
He gave me shelter and nourished me
With the best of fare, all fresh and free.

And light winged guests came not a few,
To his leafy inn, and sipped the dew,
And sang their best songs ere they flew.

I slept at night on a downy bed
Of moss, and my host benignly spread
His own cool shadow over my head.

When I asked what reckoning there might be,
He shook his broad boughs cheerily:—
A blessing be thine, green Apple Tree!

THOMAS WESTWOOD

TWO WILD CREATURES AT MEALS

ONCE when I spent a month in a mountaineer's log cabin I had the good luck to see two wild creatures at meals. The cabin was back from the road, in a clearing at the foot of a mountain, and at the side of thick woods.

One morning I awoke very early. Everything was so quiet that I could almost hear the stillness itself. But hark! Wasn't that the sound of a footstep outside? And isn't that the soft crunch and tug of grass being eaten?

On tiptoe I stole to the little window looking into the woods. There at breakfast near the edge of the wood was a splendid deer with branching horns! I held my breath, not to frighten him. He went browsing from clump to clump of the dewy grass. Then he made for a bare-looking spot, put down his lips close to it, and began to lick the soil.

"He's after salt," said I to myself; "that's a salt lick and he knows it."

So did the doe and the fawn. They now came into the open, the young bright-eyed one bounding along at her mother's side. They joined the buck at the salt lick.

I scarcely breathed I kept so still. It was surely my lucky day.

Well, after the salt course, the buck led the way to a pond. In they all went knee deep, and drank the water and ate the tender lily pads. It was a pretty sight to see the fawn rub herself lovingly against her mother between bites.

Hark! the deer hear something. They lift their heads. Wide open are their ears, eyes, and nose. I see, smell, hear nothing. But they make off into the heart of the woods.

"I've seen a whole deer family," I wrote home in joyful haste to small brothers and sisters just your age. "I've seen the father buck, the mother doe, and the little fawn. What do you think of that?"

But before I posted the letter I opened it again. It was to put in a bit of news that would make those youngsters at home wish they could grow old in a night, and take the next train for the golden wild animal land where grownups like me were living.

Wednesday is *surely* a lucky day. I know what the old rhyme says,

"The bairn that is born on the Sabbath day
Is lucky and bonny and wise and gay."

But I was born on Wednesday, and it was on Wednesday morning I saw the whole deer family. And the same

Wednesday at evening I saw a real live wild black bear! It too was eating. I'll tell you about it.

I was peering into the woods at dusk. Up a narrow trail I made out the rather dirty white face of a black bear. It came down the trail toward me, holding its head low. Every few steps it stopped to devour berries or juicy roots. As it came quite near, it began sniffing around the hollow trunk of an old tree.

I was watching it closely. I won't say it really did so, but it looked to me as if it nodded its head, winked its small left eye, and licked its lips. Anyway up it climbed fast, put down its snout into the hollow, and began eating greedily.

"What has it found?" I shouted to the mountaineer. He was close beside me, and could have heard me if I had only whispered.

"Sh!" said he. But the black bear was off.

"That fellow has a sweet tooth," said the mountaineer; "he was eating honey. The bees sometimes leave a hoard of it in those old tree trunks. I'll get you some to-morrow. That black one won't have it all his own way."

Wednesday *is* my lucky day; isn't it? To be sure another Wednesday came and brought me no more wild creatures feeding near the edge of the wood. But one Wednesday had, and that's luck enough.

ANGELA M. KEYES

THE CAT AND THE PARROT

ACAT and a Parrot made it up to invite each other to dinner in turn. That is to say, the Cat asks the Parrot to-day and the Parrot asks the Cat to-morrow.

The Cat's turn was first. She went to market and bought only a ha'porth of milk, a ha'porth of sugar, and a ha'porth of rice. And when the Parrot came she actually made him cook his dinner himself. Dinner! the Parrot made no dinner at such a stingy table.

Well, next day it was the Parrot's turn. He bought about thirty pounds of flour and a tub of butter. And he cooked the food before his guest came. He made enough little round spicy sugar cakes with nuts in them to fill a washwoman's basket—five hundred or more.

When the Cat sat down the Parrot heaped her plate with cakes, four hundred and ninety-eight of them. He kept only two for himself. The Cat made short work of her pile of cakes and then asked for more.

The polite Parrot set before her the two he was keeping for himself. The Cat ate them, and asked for more.

The Parrot was a bit angry by this time, so he snapped out, "I have no more, unless you eat me," And the Cat did, down to bones, beak, and feathers.

Well, an old woman who saw this picked up a stone. "Scat! scat!" she cried, "be off or I'll kill you with this stone."

Said the Cat to her, "I ate a basketful of cakes, I ate my friend the Parrot. Shall I blush to eat you, old hag? Nay, not so." The Cat ate the old woman.

The Cat went along the road and came to a man with a donkey.

"Get away, Cat," cried the man, "or my donkey may kick you to death."

Said the Cat, "Man, I ate a basketful of cakes, I ate my friend the Parrot, I ate an old woman. Shall I blush to eat a man with his donkey. Nay, not so!" The Cat ate the man with his donkey.

Well, the Cat went farther along the road and came to a king's wedding procession. First came the king and queen, then a row of lords and ladies, then a column of soldiers, then a circusful of elephants, two by two.

"O Cat," called out the king, kindly, "get out of the way, or my elephants may trample you to death."

Said the Cat, "O King, I ate a basketful of cakes, I ate my friend, the Parrot, I ate an old woman, I ate a donkey man with his donkey. Shall I blush to eat a beggarly king and his court? Nay, not so!" Down went the king and the queen, the lords and the ladies, the soldiers and the elephants, two by two.

Then the Cat went farther along the road and came to a pair of land crabs.

"Run away, run away, Pussycat!" squeaked the land crabs, "or we may nip you."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Cat, shaking her sides (and they were fat by this time). "Ho, ho, ho," she roared. "I ate a basketful of cakes, I ate my friend the Parrot, I ate an old woman, I ate a donkey man with his donkey, I ate a king and a queen and their lords and ladies and their soldiers and their elephants, two by two. And shall I run away from a land crab? Nay, nay, nay, not so! I will eat the land crab, too." And she did. She pounced upon the two at once. Gobble, gobble, slip, slop, the land crabs went down the Cat's throat.

Well, when the land crabs arrived, and that was very soon, they found themselves among a crowd of creatures. There was the king, sitting with his head in his hands, very unhappy. There was the bride in a swoon. There were the soldiers, all out of ranks. There were the elephants, trumpeting loudly. There was the donkey man with the donkey. There was the Parrot whetting his claws on his own beak. There was the old woman scolding them all roundly. There were the five hundred cakes piled in the center.

The land crabs could see nothing at all, except by flashes when the Cat opened her mouth. This wasn't often now, for she was so crammed she couldn't. But they could feel that the Cat's sides were soft.

Nip, nip, nip, they went, and there was a little hole. "Mieow!" squeaked the Cat.

Nip, nip, nip!—nip, nip!—nip, nip! nip—went on the land crabs until the hole was large, and the Cat, in great pain, had to lie down.

Then out scuttled the land crabs; out stepped the king, carrying his bride; out ran the lords and ladies, out marched the soldiers, out tramped the elephants; out walked the donkey man with his donkey; out hobbled the old woman, giving the Cat a piece of her mind. Out flew the Parrot, with two cakes in his claws.

Then they all went about their business, and the Cat had to take to her bed for a year and a day.

Eastern folk tale

THE WINDMILL

BEHOLD! a giant am I!
Aloft here in my tower,
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, from the threshing floors
In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my feet on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow,
I meet it face to face
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,
 My master, the miller, stands
 And feeds me with his hands;
For he knows who makes him thrive,
 Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;
 Church-going bells begin
 Their low melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
 And all is peace within.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

TABLE RULES FOR LITTLE FOLKS

IN silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait,
Till I am asked to hand my plate.

I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about;
With knife or fork or anything,
I must not play; nor must I sing.

I must not speak a useless word,
For children should be seen, not heard;
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good.

I must not say, "The bread is old,"
I must not say, "The soup is cold,"
I must not cry for this or that,
Nor murmur if my meat is fat.

My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say, "If you please."

The table cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run.

When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot;
And lift my heart to God above,
In praise for all His wondrous love.

II
SMELLING

*The garden is the loveliest place
That ever I could tell of;
The flowers there are very fair
But sweeter far to smell of.*



©

S M E L L I N G

WHY THE HONEYSUCKLE CAME OUT AT NIGHT

“**T**HERE is a honeysuckle arbor in our garden,” said Anna Jane to Maud Alice.

“Is there?” asked Maud Alice, as if Anna Jane had not just said so.

“Yes,” said Anna Jane, “there is. And my nose has found out something about it.”

“Your nose!” cried Maud Alice. She felt her own nose, and looked so hard at Anna Mary’s that Anna Mary covered hers up. “Noses can’t hear nor see nor talk,” said she. “How could they find out things?”

“By doing what noses are for,” said Anna Mary, “by smelling things! That’s a nose’s way of finding out.”

“Oh,” said Maud Alice, “of course. What did your nose find out?”

“It found out that the honeysuckle flowers smell sweetest in the dark of the evening. My eyes then saw that the white flowers are more open too. Look at the flowers now. They are almost closed and you must go very near them to smell them. But come into the garden this evening, and your nose and eyes will show you a difference.”

So after dinner Maud Alice went into Anna Mary's garden. There she found Anna Mary. The sun was down and the garden was growing cool and dark.

Maud Alice's nose smelled honeysuckle. She lifted it high and took a long sniff. "Ah!" she said, and took another. "Anna Mary, did you ever smell anything so sweet as your honeysuckle? The whole garden is full of it!"

The two children ran about and drew in long deep breaths.

Suddenly a winged creature fluttered past their heads. "It's a bat," whispered Anna Mary.

"Oh, no," said Maud Alice, "its wings are white."

"It's a big white moth," cried both children; "let us see where it goes."

Straight to the white flowers of the honeysuckle it went.

"Do you suppose it smells them?" said Anna Mary.

"And sees them?" added Maud Alice.

"Let's ask father?" said Anna Mary; "he knows everything."

So they did. He knew the answer in rhyme. This is what he said:

Honeysuckle white
Opens at night,
With sweetest smell,
Owl moth to tell,
"You may sip of my honey

If you'll carry away
My pollen dust yellow,
To another fair flower
In honeysuckle bower;
Of it she has need
To ripen her seed."

"Oh, that's it; is it?" said Maud Alice, as if Anna Mary's father hadn't just said so.

"Yes," said Anna Mary's father. "The owlet moth is a kind of pollen express. The honeysuckle's sweet perfume stops it as it flies by. As it sucks the honey, the flower's pollen dust falls on it. That's the way the express loads up. Then away it goes with the pollen to another flower. And here it may help to ripen a seed. The owl moth express travels in the evening."

"That's the reason the honeysuckle doesn't go to bed with the four o'clocks," said Anna Mary. "They close up early."

"Nor with the morning glories," said Maud Alice. "They close earlier."

"I wonder," said Anna Mary's father, slyly, "I wonder what time children close up."

"Ha, ha, ha, that means it's time for us to go to bed," said Maud Alice. "Good night."

"Happy dreams, my dear," said Anna Mary's father. "Good night, Maud Alice," said Anna Mary,

"Good night,
Sleep tight,

Wake up bright
At morning light;"

"To do what's right

With all your might," finished Maud Alice.

That night Anna Mary dreamed the whole world was a garden sweet with honeysuckle. The Little Old Man of this garden was a wonderful pollen expressman. He was made of nothing but two great white wings. Anna Mary seated herself on one wing and Maud Alice on the other, and away they rode through the air. As they flew by, slender white honeysuckle ladies cried, "There goes the owl moth express! Stop here, stop here, expressman, and take my pollen with you." Only instead of speaking they breathed out sweet perfume. By and by the express got going so fast that it bumped plump into a bat.

Anna Mary awoke with a start. And there she was at home in her own little white bed, with the morning sun shining in at her.

ANGELA M. KEYES

A SONG OF CLOVER

I WONDER what the Clover thinks,—
Sweet by the roadsides, sweet by rills,
Sweet in the meadows, sweet on hills,
Sweet in its white, sweet in its red,
Oh, half its sweetness cannot be said;—
Sweet in its every living breath,
Sweetest, perhaps, at last, in death!
Oh! who knows what the Clover thinks?
No one! unless the Bob-o'-links!

“SAXE HOLM”

THE GAME OF WHAT WE SAW IN THE GIANT'S CASTLE

THIS game is fun. Any number may play. Someone must be the giant. And some place must be his land.

The giant goes off. The others sing:

We've been to the castle
Of Jack the giant killer
And this is what we saw.

The first player says: I saw the giant's wife.

The second player says: I saw a long sharp knife.

The third player says: I saw a deep dark den.

The fourth player says: I saw a fat red hen.

The fifth player says: I saw the giant.

Along comes the giant. He growls

Fe fi fo fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Be he living,
Or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones
To make me bread.

The players call out, "You will, will you?" They rush past the giant into his land and out again. The giant chases them. Any player he touches while in his land must go with him and help to catch the others.

The giant goes off again and the players who have not been caught go on telling what they saw.

The sixth player says: I saw a golden egg.

The seventh player says: I saw a good man's leg.

The eighth player says: I saw the bags of gold.

The ninth says: I saw the harp so bold.

The tenth says: I saw the giant.

All cry: He saw the giant.

Back comes the giant and everything happens as before.

There need not be ten players. Any number will do. The players speak in turn. The only rule is "Begin with 'I saw.'" This rule must be kept.

ANGELA M. KEYES

THE FRAGRANT TULIP BED

ONCE upon a time, and a long time ago, and a long, long time before that, a little old woman had a garden. And in this garden she planted a beautiful bed of tulips. The slim green stalks of them stood in the earth tall and straight. And every other row of lovely cups they held was red and every other was yellow. At twilight the little old woman patted down the last of them, and went in to boil the kettle for her tea.

As soon as she was gone there came peeping and tripping from the field nearby a crowd of pixies. They ran between the rows and skipped from one flower to the next and put their slender fingers down into the cups. And they clapped their fairy palms together and cried, "How lovely!" But the little old woman drinking her tea before the fire didn't hear a word of it.

Well, night came, and the pixies' teeny weeny bits of elfin babies grew sleepy. They must have bawled, though of course big ears like yours and mine couldn't hear them; because all of a sudden all the little pixies scampered home, crying,

"Coming,
My teeny one,

Coming,
My weeny one,
See the glowworm bright!
My speck of delight!"

And then the cleverest little pixie mother among them thought of something. "Let's lay them in those lovely cradles," said she. "They'll be as safe as a bug in a rose while we are greeting the queen." She picked up her baby and ran back with it to the garden. And so did the others with theirs. They laid the babies in the tulip cups and sang them to rest. The tulips rocked to and fro in the wind and made music for the lullaby. The little old woman washing her teacup caught a note of the music and singing, and stopped her clatter to listen, it was so sweet.

As soon as the elfin things were fast asleep, the pixies tripped lightly off on the very tippy tips of their toes. The silver moon was rising. They were just in time to form a ring on the green and dance in her honor. They circled nine times and looked up at her. She beamed down on them and they bowed low. Then she passed on through the heavens to make way for the day.

It was now the dawn of morning. The pixies ran back to the tulip cradles in the little old woman's garden crying,

"Weeny
Sleepy head,

Leave
Dewy bed,
Time
To get up,
From
Soft tulip
Cup."

The little old woman awoke in the nick of time to hear them kissing the elfin babies as they carried them home. In a bound she was out of bed and at the window. But they had vanished.

For all that she knew they had been there. She could tell it by the tulips. The slim green stalks of them stood in the earth, as they had when she planted them, tall and straight. And every other row of lovely cups they held was red and every other was yellow. Yet there was a wonderful change. It wasn't only the shining drops of morning dew on them. No, it was something more wonderful—it was fairy fragrance. Every tulip smelled as sweet as a rose. It was the pixies' thanks.

News of these rare tulips went far and wide, and people came from here, there, and everywhere to buy them. So for the rest of her days the little old woman had plenty of money for many a cup of tea, and a pinch of snuff into the bargain.

VIOLETS

VIOLETS, violets, sweet March violets,
Sure as March comes, they'll come too,
First the white and then the blue—
Pretty violets!

White, with just a pinky dye,
Blue as little baby's eye,—
So like violets.

Though the rough wind shakes the house,
Knocks about the budding boughs,
There are violets.

Though the passing snow-storms come,
And the frozen birds sit dumb,
Up spring violets,

One by one among the grass,
Saying "Pluck me"! as we pass,—
Scented violets.

By and by there'll be so many,
We'll pluck dozens nor miss any:
Sweet, sweet violets!

Children, when you go to play,
Look beneath the hedge to-day:—
Mamma likes violets.

DINAH MARIA MULOCHE

THE JAPANESE GAMES OF PERFUMES

ONE day some boys and girls about your age went with their father to a Japanese shop. While their father talked to the shopkeeper, they looked at the things in the shop. There were lovely cups and saucers as bright as flowers and as fine and thin as eggshells. There were queer-looking curved swords, and daggers with grinning heads on the handles. There were tiny ivory Japanese men and women with fans and parasols, carved most perfectly.

The children looked at everything to their hearts' content. The polite shopkeeper let them. He gave all his very polite attention to their father. But the instant they touched one small black lacquer box, the shopkeeper was at their side. With a bow and a smile he had the box safe in his own hands.

Turning to the father he said, "I am most careful of this. I got it from a poor old nobleman in Japan. It had been in his family for hundreds of years but at last he had to sell it to me for gold, he was so poor."

Then he said kindly to the children, "When I have finished with your honorable father I will show it to you. You do not yet know how much it will please you.

It has to do with a game," said he, winking at them, and marching off with it.

Well, of course, the children found it hard to wait until he came back with the box. The minute he did they crowded around him, all eyes and ears.

He placed before them the small box, and put out his hand to open it, but stopped to ask, "Do American children ever play a game that tells whether their noses are clever?"

"Of course not," said John, the oldest boy, "who ever heard of such a game?" He felt cross with the showman for keeping them waiting.

"Hundreds of years ago," said the Japanese, "my countrymen used such boxes as this in games of perfumes."

"Games of perfumes!" said the father. "What a good idea. They must have made the sense of smell very keen."

"Do you mean they played telling things by the smell of them?" asked Helen, the oldest girl.

"As dogs do? You remember the stories of St. Bernard dogs that smelled travelers lost in the snow," cried Frank.

"Deer smell, too," said John; "that's one way they tell the hunting pack is near."

"Our cat smells fish," said small Mary.

"The druggist can tell things by the smell of them," said Lucy, who was only a little bigger than Mary. "I

often see him opening bottles and smelling them before he takes them down."

"Sh!" said John, "let us hear about the box."

"In these old Japanese games the players smelled beautiful perfumes," said the showman, smiling. "I shall tell you about it as I show the box."

This time he opened the box. Inside were several smaller boxes. In one of the boxes were tiny silk bags.

"The bags have incense in them. And here," said the showman, opening another of the boxes, "are fragrant woods. In the game, the incense or the wood is burned. It gives off a sweet perfume. The players tell by the perfume what kind of incense or of wood was burned. Perhaps sometimes two or more kinds were burned together, to give—"

"It wasn't so easy then; was it?" said John, who was very much interested.

"No, I suppose not," said the showman; "of course I learned about the game only from the old nobleman. He heard about it from his great great grandfather. And I suppose the great great grandfather had it from his great great grandfather. It is thought that before the game began, the servants used to take out of the room any sweet-smelling plants."

"That was only fair," said Maud.

There was a whole set of things to be used in the game. There was a box of charcoal. There was a little brass pan with an open-work silver cover. In the game,

bits of the charcoal were dropped on a bed of ashes in the pan, and lighted. This of course was the fire over which the incense or the wood was burned.

"It must have been fun to make the fire!" cried John.

There was a tiny silver thing, like a flat knife, for getting out the incense; and there was a thin silver-framed plate about an inch square, made of isinglass.

"It was on this little plate," said the Japanese, "that the pinch of incense or the bit of wood was put to be held over the burning charcoal."

There was another small silver thing for holding the plate over the fire. There was a beautiful little lacquer tray covered with maple leaves made of mother of pearl. After the incense or the bit of wood had caught fire the plate was laid on one of these leaves to cool.

"I hope it didn't spoil it," said Helen.

"I suppose it was while it was cooling," said the showman, "that the players told by the perfume what kind of wood or of incense was burning. When they were ready to tell, they laid counters in certain places on these boards," said he, showing them.

The counters were thin narrow bits of dark wood about an inch long. On one side of each was a number and on the other a lovely little painting. Some of the paintings were chrysanthemum flowers, some birds, some butterflies.

"And here," said the showman, "is the writing box for keeping—"

"The score!" cried the American children. So the shopkeeper let the word stand for what he meant.

"And now," said he, looking at John, "I know someone who will think the last the best of all the game. In the game it was used at the beginning, or even before the game began, but I have kept it till last."

He opened another of the small boxes and took out the tiniest knife, hammer, chisel, and saw, the children had ever laid eyes on.

When John could catch his breath he shouted: "They're for cutting off the bits of wood. That old game of perfumes beats baseball to pieces. O, father, couldn't you buy the whole set of things, and let me start the game up again?" But the rare box was too costly for father's pocket.

All the way home the children planned to copy the set and try the game of perfumes.

"I'll make the tools," said John.

But whether he did or not I don't know.

LITTLE WHITE LILY

LITTLE white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, "It is good—
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little white Lily
Drest like a bride!
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside!

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

THE FIVE SENSES

Little white Lily
Said, "Good again—
When I am thirsty
To have fresh rain!
Now I am stronger;
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet:
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
"Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain!
Little white Lily
Is happy again!"

GEORGE MACDONALD

THE SNAIL AND THE ROSE TREE

A ROUND the garden ran a hedge of hazels. Beyond this hedge lay fields and meadows, where were cows and sheep. In the midst of the garden stood a blooming Rose Tree. And under this Rose Tree lived a Snail, who had a good deal in his shell—himself.

“Wait till my time comes!” he said: “I shall do something more than put out roses, bear nuts, or give milk, like the Rose Tree, the hazel bush, and the cows!”

“I expect a great deal of you,” said the Rose Tree. “But may I ask when it will come?”

“I take my time,” replied the Snail. “You’re always in such a hurry. You don’t rouse people’s interest by keeping them waiting.”

When the next year came, the Snail lay almost in the same spot, in the sunshine under the Rose Tree. The Rose Tree again bore buds that bloomed into roses, until the snow fell and the weather became raw and cold. Then the Rose Tree bowed its head and the Snail crept into the ground.

A new year began, and the roses came out, and the Snail came out also.

“You’re an old Rose Tree now!” said the Snail. “You must make haste and come to an end, for you have given the world all that was in you. You have done

nothing at all to improve yourself, or you would have brought forth something else besides roses. How can you answer for that? In a little time you will be only a stick in the mud. Do you understand what I say?"

"You frighten me," replied the Rose Tree. "I never thought of that at all."

"No, you have not taken the trouble to think. Have you ever told yourself why you bloomed, and how is it that you bloom—why it is this way, and not some other way?"

"No," answered the Rose Tree. "I bloomed gladly, because I could not do anything else. The sun shone and warmed me. I drank the pure dew and the fresh rain, and I lived, I breathed. Out of the earth arose something within me; I had to bloom, I could not do anything else, that was my life."

"You have led a very pleasant life," said the Snail.

"Yes. And everything I have was given to me," said the Rose Bush. "So I must give it to others. I know I have put forth only roses. But you—you who are so clever, what have you given the world? what do you intend to give?"

"There's time enough," said the Snail.

And so saying, he went into his house, and closed up the entrance after him. But the Rose Tree went on blooming and making the garden sweet to all who came into it.

THE HERB SHOP

PART I

IN a little dark hut that looked as if it grew out of the side of the hill was an herb shop. You knew that a long way off by the smell.

The smell was delicious. All the village thought so. The grownups always took their visitors to walk past the shop the last thing before going home. When the wind blew their way the little children played taking their doll visitors past, and almost wore their noses out with sniffing for dolly. When landlords had houses to let in the village they put on the sign, "Take this house. From the porch you smell the herb shop." Why, the smell became so famous that it was written about in the newspapers, so that people in far off places read of it and smelled it in imagination. That was something!

And when you came near you knew it was an herb shop by the things you saw growing outside and selling inside. There was celery for eating with turkey, and there was thyme for seasoning. There was lemon-scented balm for healing cuts. There was lavender for making chests and closets smell sweet. There was horehound for taking the poison out of mad dog bites, at

least so said Mother Herb Witch, the shopkeeper. But as the children suspected her to be more than half a real witch, they thought it safer to keep away from mad dogs.

They couldn't keep away from the shop, though, and it was Mother Herb Witch rather than the smell that brought them there. They liked to watch her and to hear her talk.

She was an old, old, old woman. No one knew how old she was. All the mothers and grandmothers in the village, yes, even Polly Cheevers great grandmother, knew her when they were children. And she looked old even then. She was as brown as the earth, with a pointed chin, long bony fingers, and sharp black eyes, as bright as a hawk's. No wonder the children thought her more than half a witch.

"All she needs," whispered Polly Cheevers to Peter Vancamp, one day when she had begged her mother to send her to the shop to buy mint for lamb sauce and he had got there to buy parsley for mutton, "is a pointed hat and a broomstick. Then away she might ride up the chimney like any real witch."

Peter didn't answer aloud. Mother Herb Witch was looking at him. And though he and everyone else called her *Mother Herb Witch* behind her back, he didn't know how she might take it to her face.

It was wonderful to watch her tending the herbs. You would have thought they were her own children. For some she made a bed of dark rich earth and for some she

spread light sandy soil. Some she put to bloom in the sunshine and some to flower in the shadow. Hardy ones she left to battle with the wind and frail ones she sheltered. As she went from herb to herb the children heard her call each softly by name, and the herb lay against her hand as if it loved the touch.

And what things she could tell about the herbs. One day as she was loosening the soil in a bed of ragwort she told something that changed what I set out to tell and brought out everything you are to hear.

“Every fairy cobbler,” said she, “has treasure buried under a ragwort plant. He counts it sometimes just before dawn. If anyone should catch sight of a fairy cobbler going to his ragwort, he should clap his eyes on him and keep them there until the fairy cobbler gets to it. Then the fairy cobbler has to show the person exactly where to dig for the treasure.”

Peter looked at Robert, his greatest friend, and Robert looked back at Peter. And when Mother Herb Witch went into her shop she said to Philip, her handsome yellow cat, who kept house with her and loved her as a son, “Those boys are going to try for the fairy cobblers’ treasure, this very night.” O she was quick at knowing anything about her herbs. So she slept with only half an eye and then with no eye at all, as you shall hear.

PART II

For, before the boys were due at dawn in her herb garden to get the fairy treasure, someone else came into her herb shop. It would be hard to say whether Mother Herb Witch were surprised or not, she was so like wonder folk. But anyway she kept broad awake.

At midnight into the shop came a jolly little elf man, and his wife, a spry little fairy. They sniffed the sweet smell, and opened the shop to sell herbs. For wasn't it an herb shop already made? As soon as the herbs touched the fairy fingers they grew so delicate and fine that almost nothing went out of the shop, and what did go out came back. So Mother Herb Witch found as much in the morning as she left at night! There's no telling how. It was fairy magic.

Well, as soon as the shop was open, in burst a crowd of fairy folk chattering like magpies.

"At midnight to-morrow," cried the gayest of them, "I'm to be married. We're getting the wedding ready. I'm not the prettiest fairy in the kingdom—I'm not at all ugly, though—but I'm the most good humored. Hear me laugh."

She stopped to laugh. I give you my word it was like the music of golden bells.

"And so," she went on, "the queen's son has chosen me for his bride. He has to help the queen rule the kingdom. The king, you know," said she, tapping her fore-

head, "is a little cracked in the head; it makes the palace very sad. The prince wants laughter around him. And so," said she, bowing to the shopkeepers, "he has chosen me to make life merrier."

"You'll do it, my bonny dear," said a little small man who was limping into the shop, nearly bent in two.

"Oh!" cried the bride; "wait on him at once; he's in pain."

"What can I do for you, old fellow?" asked the jolly elf.

But the spry fairy wife didn't put the poor small man to the trouble of answering. She saw at a glance that he had rheumatism. Over she skipped to the back wall of the hut. Sticking out of a wall was a crook. And from this crook hung Mother Herb Witch's three-legged gipsy kettle. And in this kettle was brewing magical water cress. Quick as a wink the fairy wife filled a bottle and gave it to the small man, and her husband pocketed the bit of silver moonlight, the price of it.

The small man began to rub his legs and back with it then and there. They straightened at once.

"It's a wonderful cure," said he, to the bride. "I wish I knew where such water cress grows."

"Where do you pick the water cress?" asked the bride at once, of the fairy wife.

"That I don't know," said the fairy wife; "we take this shop only at night, you know. When I come to peep about at dusk I often hear the old men of the village ask

Mother Herb Witch the same question. But she never tells. All she says is—”

At this minute someone crooned:

“To tell would do harm,
'Twould break the charm;
'Tis in dewy dell,
By the witch's well.”

“Was that you who spoke?” asked the fairy wife of the small man.

“No, it wasn't,” said the small man sharply, as a twinge of rheumatism pinched him on its way out.

“Well, never mind who it was,” cried the bride, gaily; “your legs are almost as well as ever. That's all you need care. You may dance with my favorite lady-in-waiting at my wedding.”

“Now,” said she, turning to the elves and fairies with her, “let us make haste to get what we need. I smell Rosemary, that's an herb I need. I will take a hundred and three sprigs of Rosemary, to leave one with each of my dearest friends when I start on my honeymoon,—Rosemary! that's for remembrance, you know,” she repeated, sharply, to the jolly elf.

She thought him rude. Instead of getting the sprigs he was staring at her with his chin in his hand.

“Yes, yes, your royal highness,” cried he, as if she were already the princess. “I was only counting to see would a hundred and three be enough.”

"It isn't your affair," said the little bride, but not very crossly.

"I," said the chief bridesmaid, who was to pack the bride's trunk, "shall take nineteen grains of sweet lavender to give perfume to the bride's clothes. That will give me nine for her party dresses, three for her evening wraps, and seven for her pocket handkerchiefs. Pick me out some that hasn't too strong a smell. A real fairy lady should have only a very delicate scent about her."

"Have you any saffron?" asked the queen's house-keeper.

"Plenty," said someone as the fairy wife went peeping into a drawer.

"Was it you who spoke?" asked she of the house-keeper.

"No," said the housekeeper, "it wasn't."

"Never mind who it was," said the bride. "Time is flying and I must be married."

"I'll take a farthing's worth of saffron," said the housekeeper. "We have invited to the wedding an old Irish fairy, and I want to dip the linen sheets for her bed in saffron. She thinks it gives strength to her legs as she lies between them, so I may as well get it. She will need strength to dance a jig at the wedding."

Well, the king's gardener bought a speck of sweet Cecily, to rub inside a new beehive he had set up. He thought that if he rubbed a bit of the herb inside, a swarm

of bees would smell it and go in, and store it with honey for the wedding feast.

The royal cook, a round fat elf with a white cap on his head, bought cuckoo bread. "It has heart shaped leaves," he said. "To my mind that's just the thing for a wedding. Besides, there's a pretty story about its name."

"You must know, madam," said he, speaking to the bride, as if she were already a married fairy, "that the cuckoo is a bird of love. Some say that the bread is called cuckoo bread because the cuckoo likes to feed on it, and some say it is because the flower opens when the cuckoo sings. Either way the story has love in it, and that's as it should be at a wedding."

The gay bride laughed again like golden musical bells, and said, "My teeth will love it, any way."

Just as the last tinkle died merrily away, into the shop flew a mother swallow. There were tears in her eyes.

"Give me some swallow herb," she cried; "some boys have blinded my nestlings with sling shots."

"Oh, how cruel," wailed the little bride, now as sad as sad could be, in spite of her duty to the prince.

"Yes," said the swallow, weeping afresh; "but my husband's mother tells me swallow herb rubbed on the eyes will bring the sight back."

"Do hurry, please, with it," cried the bride, to the shopkeepers.

“Your high-flying cousin, the eagle, uses wild lettuce to sharpen his sight,” said the fairy wife, wringing her hands at the mother’s grief. “Are you sure swallow herb—”

“Yes, she is sure,” said a voice. They all heard it.

“What can be the matter with this shop to-night?” cried the fairy wife.

While the rest were listening amazed, the small man went sniffing at each of the herbs. “Ah, here’s the balm, at last,” he cried; “I smell the lemon scent of it. Here is some balm, poor swallow, to put on your own broken heart.”

But the swallow only wept and begged the fairy wife to hurry with the swallow herb.

“Here it is, weeping mother,” said the jolly elf, sorrowfully. “Don’t stop to pay the bit of silver moonlight. You may bring it—”

“Yes, and bring all the little swallows to my wedding,” cried the bride, now merry again, “I’ll ask the prince to make a law that no sling shots—”

But the swallow had seized the herb in her beak and was already half-way back to her nest.

Well, the cook at once went on with his order. “I’ll take a thimbleful of caraway seeds to flavor the bride-cake,” said he. “Ah, yes,” he cried, looking pleased at something he had thought of, “the prince will like that. The good joke will make everyone laugh. You see the

joke, don't you?" he asked anxiously. "A bridecake with car-a-way seeds in it is to be eaten at a wedding, where the bridegroom car-ries-a-way the bride."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed all the small people; "that is a good joke."

As they stopped, they heard loud mortal voices singing outside. In a twinkling all had scampered into holes and corners and cracks and crevices. But they cocked their ears to hear. Someone sang

"In my garden grew plenty of thyme,
It flourished by night and by day;
O'er the wall came a lad,
He took all that I had,
And stole my thyme away."

"Those are gipsies," whispered the jolly elf; "one of them has climbed over the hedge and he is stealing Mother Herb Witch's thyme."

"It's a shame," cried his wife, softly. "Honesty is an herb that would never grow for him. You know the old saying about the herb, 'Honesty grows best in an honest man's garden.' "

"Ha!" cried the royal gardener, "he didn't get the thyme, after all. There's someone calling to him and chasing him, but it's not the town constable."

"I'll bet you a red fairy apple it's Mother Herb Witch," whispered the fairy wife. "She's around this shop somewhere to-night."

“Sh! there they go off now. Hark! Listen to what they say:”

“Give us bacon,
Rinds of walnuts,
Shells of cockle,
And of small nuts;
Ribbons, bells,
And saffroned linen;
All the world is ours
To live in.”

“It’s a pity they can’t earn the little they need and not steal it,” said the queen’s housekeeper. “Lazy bones, I call them.”

At this minute in from the beds of ragwort outside dashed nine fairy cobblers.

“We’ve a great rush of work on to-night,” cried the nine, stamping about as if beside themselves. “Fifty-five pixies and ninety-five hobgoblins have sent their dancing slippers to be mended in time for the wedding. We’ve run out of silk thread. Have you any thistle-down? We shall need a whole pod. Hurry please, hurry please, hurry—”

“Don’t forget to come to my wedding yourselves,” said the bride.

“We’ll be there,” shouted all but one.

“I must count my treasure to see whether I can spare you a present,” said this little miser, but softly, for he knew she was to be the prince’s bride.

"Hurry, please, hurry—" cried the others again,—just as the day began to dawn.

At this minute Mother Herb Witch caught sight of Peter and Robert with their eyes glued to the ragwort beds in front of the shop. She looked quickly back into the shop. But the fairy folk had already seen the streak. Out the back door were vanishing small man with the rheumatism, bride, bridesmaids, flower strewers, pages, footmen, musicians, gardener, housekeeper, cook, and cobblers.

The miserly fairy cobbler was very nearly caught. He was dashing around to the ragwort bed to count his treasure when he caught sight of peeping eyes. Back he sped like lightning and went off with the others.

So the boys had to go home without the treasure.

"The fairy cobblers have a right to their own," said Mother Herb Witch to Philip as she saw the boys go.

PART III

That very New Year's Eve the boys suspected she knew of their plan. I'll tell you why.

Just as the Old Year was passing away, they looked out to see the New Year come. All of a sudden the moon went under a cloud, but they made out a shadowy figure, stooped and pointed like Mother Herb Witch, flying past the houses, and stopping for a second wherever a boy or girl lived. And when she had passed their houses

there came to their noses the most delicious smell. Pell mell they rushed down the stairs. There on the doorstep were two monstrous oranges stuck full of cloves and tied with a sprig of Rosemary. And on a queer pointed card was scrawled, "May the New Year bring you richer pleasure than fairy treasure."

"She knew all about it," said Robert to Peter, when they found out that no one else had two oranges nor such big ones, nor such a message. And Peter agreed.

"Mother Herb Witch's a very strange person," said Peter often to his mother. "Do you think she believes in ragwort treasure? Or in queer things like swallow herb, or hound's bark for rubbing on the soles of the feet to keep hounds from barking?"

"I don't know," said his mother. "But she keeps excellent parsley and thyme. And I'm putting my best silk away in her lavender."

Just then the wind blew their way. "M-m! O my snub nose!" said Peter; "isn't the smell of her shop b-e-au-tiful? That's real anyway."

The village may be sniffing it yet, for all I know, if Mother Herb Witch hasn't gone away forever and aye to live in the heart of the hill.

ANGELA M. KEYES

III
TOUCHING

*I'd like to stroke her velvet fur,
But she's asleep and I'm afraid,
For she has claws stuck in her paws
The way all cats are made.*



©

TOUCHING

FORTUNE'S FEATHER

“**N**OW I am going to tell a story,” said the Wind. “Pardon me,” said the Rain, “but now it is my turn. You have been howling around the corner this long time past.”

“Is that the way you speak to me?” said the Wind, “me, who turn inside out when people are against you?”

“I am going to speak!” said the Sunshine. “Silence!”

The Sunshine said it with such glory and majesty that the Wind fell flat. The Rain beat against him, and shook him, and said, “We won’t stand it! She always breaks through, that Madame Sunshine!”

But the Sunshine began:

“Once a beautiful swan flew over the ocean. His feathers shone like gold, he was the bird of Fortune.

“He flew into the quiet, lonely forest. Here he rested awhile on the dark, deep lake, where the water lilies grow, where the wild apples are to be found on the shore, where the cuckoo and wild pigeons have their homes.

“A poor woman with a little child in her arms was in the wood gathering firewood. She saw the golden swan rise from among the reeds on the shore. What was that

glittering? A golden egg! She picked it up and laid it in her bosom. The warmth was in it. There was life in the egg! She heard a gentle pecking inside of the shell, but thought it was only her own heart beating.

“At home in the poor cottage she took out the egg. ‘Tick, tick,’ it said, as if it were a valuable gold watch. But it was only an egg, a real, living egg. The egg cracked and opened, and a little baby swan, all covered with purest gold put out its head. Round its neck were four rings.

“Now the poor woman had four boys, so she understood at once that here was a ring for each boy. Just as she thought of that the little golden bird flew away, leaving the rings in her hand. She kissed each ring, made each of the children kiss one of the rings, laid it next the child’s heart, then put it on his finger.

“‘I saw it all,’ said the Sunshine, ‘and I saw what followed.’

“One of the boys was playing in the ditch. He took a lump of clay in his hand. He turned it and twisted it and pressed it with his thumbs till it took shape. And lo! there was the shape of Jason who went out to search for the golden fleece and found it. This boy became a sculptor.

“The second boy ran out into the meadow, where the flowers grew, flowers of all colors. He gathered a handful, and squeezed them so that the juice spurted into his eyes and some of it wetted the ring. The juice

ran through his thoughts and his hands, and with it he made pictures of what he saw. By and by people talked of him as a great painter.

"The third child pressed the ring with his fingers. It gave forth sound, an echo of the music within him. He became a musician and so true was the music he made that every country has the right to say, 'He was mine!'

"And the fourth little one—the one the mother held in her arms when she saw the golden bird—looked good for nothing. At least so the people said. They said he had the pip, and must have pepper and butter, as the little sick chickens did; and that he got. 'But of me,' said the Sunshine, 'he got a warm sunny kiss.' He became the best of all, a poet. As people sang his thoughts the thoughts took wings and flew up and away like singing butterflies. And butterflies, you know, make us think of life again after sleep.

"I think we had better stop now," said the Wind.

"And I also," said the Rain.

And what do we others who have heard the story say? We say, "Now my story's done."

FROM HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE

UNDER a toadstool
Crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain,
To shelter himself.

Under the toadstool
Sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse
All in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf,
Frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away,
Lest he get wet,

To the next shelter—
Maybe a mile!
Sudden the wee Elf
Smiled a wee smile,

Tugged till the toadstool
Toppled in two.
Holding it over him,
Gayly he flew.

Soon he was safe home,
Dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse—
“Good gracious me!

“Where is my toadstool?”
Loud he lamented.
—And that’s how umbrellas
First were invented.

OLIVER HERFORD

A RIDDLE

Here's a riddle to give your friends:

TWO brothers are we, with five children apiece,
A number which rarely is known to increase;
We are large, hard, and black,
We are soft, white, and small,
But without us mankind could do nothing at all.

We laboured with Adam in tilling the ground,
Yet in the queen's court we may also be found.
Without us no vessel the ocean could roam,
Yet though we go forth, you will find us at home.

If you can't find us out, why to cut short our story,
When you sit down to dinner
You have us before ye.

(THE HANDS)

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

HERE was once a good shoemaker who, through no fault of his own, became so poor that at last he had only enough leather for one pair of shoes. At evening he cut out the shoes to begin upon them early next morning. Then he said his prayers, and went to bed and soon fell asleep.

In the morning when he had prayed, as usual, and was going to sit down to work, he found the pair of shoes standing finished on his table. He was amazed.

He took the shoes in his hand to look at them more closely. There was not a stitch out of place. They were as well done as the work of a master hand. Soon after, a customer came in, and was so much pleased with the shoes, he paid a large price for them. So with the money the shoemaker was able to buy leather for two pairs.

He cut these out in the evening, and next day got ready again to work. But again he had no need to. The shoes stood finished! Customers paid him so much money for them that he was able to buy leather for four pairs. Next morning he found the four pairs finished.

And so it went on; what he cut out at evening was finished in the morning, so that he soon became a well-to-do man.

Now it happened one evening, not long before Christmas, when he had cut out shoes as usual, that he said to his wife: "How would it be if we were to sit up to-night to see who it is that lends us a helping hand?"

The wife agreed. So they hid themselves in the corner of the room behind clothes hanging there.

At midnight in came two little naked men. They skipped over to the shoemaker's table, took up the work, and began to stitch, sew, and hammer so neatly and quickly, that the shoemaker could not believe his eyes. They did not stop till everything was finished, and standing ready on the table. Then they ran swiftly away.

The next day the wife said, "The little men have made us rich, and we ought to show our gratitude. They run about with nothing on, and must freeze with cold. Now I will make them little shirts, coats, waist-coats, and hose, and will even knit them stout stockings, and you shall make them each a pair of shoes."

The husband agreed, and at evening, when they had everything ready, they laid out the presents on the table, and hid themselves to see how the little men would behave.

At midnight the little elves came skipping in, and were about to set to work, when, instead of the leather ready cut out, they found the charming little clothes.

At first they were surprised, then delighted. They put them on eagerly and smoothed them down, singing:

“Now we’re dressed so fine and neat,
Why cobble more for others’ feet?
Good luck we leave behind for those
Who for us made these pretty clothes.”

Then they hopped and danced about, and leaped over chairs and tables and out at the door.

They came back no more, but the shoemaker had good luck as long as he lived.

Folk tale

This is a good story to play during the winter holidays at school or at home. What fun to be the elves! And what fun to be the shoemaker and his wife peeping at them!

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

THEY drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows.
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry-vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells,—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman,—
The noble and wise of the land,—
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

JACK THE GIANT KILLER

WHEN good King Arthur ruled the land there lived near Land's End in England, in a place called Cornwall, a farmer who had an only son named Jack. Jack was wide awake and ready of wit so that nobody and nothing could worst him.

In those days the Mount of Cornwall was kept by a huge giant named Cormoran. He was so fierce and frightful to look at that he was the terror of all the neighboring towns and villages. He lived in a cave in the side of the mount and whenever he wanted food he waded over to the mainland and took whatever came in his way. At his coming everybody ran away and then of course he seized the cattle. He made nothing of carrying off half-a-dozen oxen on his back at a time, and as for sheep and hogs he tied them around his waist as if they were tallow dips. He had done this for many years and all Cornwall was in despair.

One day Jack happened to be in the town hall when the magistrates were sitting in council to think what was best to do.

“What reward,” he asked, “will be given to the man who kills Cormoran?”

"He may take the treasure the giant has stored in his cave," they said.

Quoth Jack, "Let me have a try at it."

So he got a horn and shovel and pickaxe. And in the dark of a winter's evening he went over to the mount and fell to work. Before morning he had dug a pit twenty-two feet deep and nearly as broad and covered it with sticks and straw. Then he strewed a little earth over it so that it looked like plain ground. He then placed himself on the farther side of the pit and just at the break of day, put his horn to his mouth and blew, "Tan-tiv-y, Tan-tiv-y."

The noise roused the giant. He rushed out of his cave, crying, "You villain, have you come here to disturb my rest? You shall pay dearly for this. I will take you whole and broil you for breakfast." He had no sooner said this than he tumbled into the pit and made the very foundations of the mount shake.

"O, Giant," quoth Jack, "where are you? Has the earth swallowed you up? What do you think now of broiling me for breakfast? Will no other food do than sweet Jack?" Then he gave a most mighty knock with his pickaxe on the very crown of the giant's big head and killed him on the spot.

Jack then filled up the pit with earth and went to the cave and took the treasure.

When the magistrates heard of Jack's success they were so glad the troublesome Cormoran was done for

they made a law and wrote it on their books that henceforth Jack should be called

Jack-the-Giant-Killer

and they gave him a sword and belt, and on the belt they wrote these words

“Here’s the right valiant Cornish man,
Who slew the giant Cormoran.”

English folk tale

(It is fun to play this story. Try it and see.)

BEES

Bees don't care about the snow;
I can tell you why that's so:

Once I caught a little bee
Who was much too warm for me!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

A CHILL

THAT can lambkins do
All the keen night through?
Nestle by their woolly mother,
The careful ewe.

What can nestlings do
In the nightly dew?
Sleep beneath their mother's wing
Till day breaks anew.

If in field or tree
There might only be
Such a warm soft sleeping-place
Found for me!

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

WHAT BLACK BEAUTY DID

ONE day late in the autumn Black Beauty, as pretty a little horse as ever wore a white star in his forehead, found himself driving his master into town, a good many miles away. The dogcart was light so that, although it carried John, the coachman, as well, Black Beauty drew it easily.

All went merrily until the little horse came to the toll-gate leading to a low wooden bridge. Here he noticed that the river was greatly swollen from the heavy rains that had fallen lately. It was so high that the middle of the bridge rested on it.

"The river is rising fast," said the tollkeeper, as he let them pass. "I fear we shall have a wild night." Black Beauty could not answer, of course, but his master said, "The wind blows a gale; I fear so too."

The master delayed so long in the town that it was getting on toward evening when Black Beauty turned his head home. The wind was higher. As he went along by the edge of the wood the great branches of the trees were swaying in its grasp as if they were nothing but twigs. And the sound of rushing water in the distance was terrifying.

Black Beauty heard his master say: "I wish we were well out of this wood." Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when there was a groan, and a crack, and a splitting and tearing and crashing. And down through the other trees came an oak, torn up by the roots, and it fell straight across the road.

Little Black Beauty was frightened. He stopped, trembling all over. But he did not turn round nor run away; he was no coward. John jumped out and patted his head and talked to him.

"That was a narrow escape," Black Beauty heard his master say; "what's to be done now?"

"Well, sir," said John, "we can't drive over that tree, nor get round it. There's nothing to it but to go back to the crossways. From that it will be a good six miles to the wooden bridge, but once there we are nearly home. It's getting late but Black Beauty is fresh."

So back Black Beauty turned, but although he ran with a will by the time he got to the bridge it was nearly dark. He could just make out that the water was over the middle of it. And the moment his feet touched the planks of the bridge he felt sure there was something wrong. He came to a dead stop.

"Go on, Beauty," said his master, and gave him a touch of the whip. But Beauty felt that he dared not stir. His master gave him a sharp cut. Black Beauty jumped but did not go forward.

"There's something wrong, sir," said John. He

sprang out of the dogcart and looked all around. Then he tried to lead the horse forward, "Come on, Beauty," he said, "what's the matter?" Beauty could not tell him that he knew that the bridge was not safe.

Just then the man at the toll gate, at the other end of the bridge, ran out of the house, swinging a lighted torch about like a madman.

"Hoy, hoy, hoy, hallo! stop!" he cried.

"What's the matter?" shouted the master, above the voice of wind and waters.

"The bridge has broken in the middle and part of it has been carried down by the river," yelled back the man. "If you come on, you'll plunge into the river."

"Good little Beauty, you've saved us," said the master. And John took Black Beauty gently by the bridle and turned him into the road along by the river. Little by little the wind lulled and it grew darker and stiller. Black Beauty trotted steadily on and soon landed his master and John safe at home.

They took him to the stable and gave him a feast of bran mash and put some crushed beans into his oats. And John spread for his tired body a thick bed of fresh straw.

"Good night, little horse," said the master; "you're the best friend and the prettiest little Black Beauty that ever wore a star in his forehead."

FROM ANNA SEWELL

THE STORY AND GAME OF GOING TO SCHOOL

ONE day one child met another and said, "Whither goest thou?" And the child answered, "To school." When she heard this the first child sang out

"If thou'l go to school
I'll go to school,"

and she took the child's hand and skipped along with her singing

"So, so,
Together we go."

When they had gone a little way the first child stopped the other and asked, "What takest thou with thee to learn?" And the child answered, "My eyes, to see things beautiful." At this the first child sang out, pointing at the other and at herself,

"Thy eyes,
My eyes,
Thou to school,
I to school;"

and they took hands and skipped along together singing

“So, so,
Together we go.”

When they had gone a little way farther the first child stopped the other and asked, “What else takest with thee to learn?” And the child answered, “My ears, to hear things true.” At this both children sang out, pointing at each other and at themselves,

“Thy ears,
My ears,
Thou to school,
I to school;”

and they took hands and skipped along together singing

“So, so,
Together we go.”

When they had gone a little way farther the first child stopped the other and asked, “What else takest with thee to learn?” And the child answered, “My nose, to smell things sweet.” At this both children sang out

“Thy nose,
My nose,
I to school,
Thou to school;”

and they took hands and skipped along together singing

“So, so,
Together we go.”

When they had gone a little way farther the first child stopped the other and asked, "Hast aught else with thee to learn?" And the child answered, "My tongue, to taste things wholesome, and kind words aye to speak."

At this both children sang out

"Thy tongue,
My tongue,
Thou to school,
I to school;"

and they took hands and skipped along together singing

"So, so,
Together we go."

When they had gone a little way farther the first child stopped the other and asked, "Hast aught else with thee to learn?" And the child answered, "My hands, to do things useful. Dost think I have enough?"

At this both children sang out

"Thy hands,
My hands,
Thou to school,
I to school;"

and they took hands and skipped along together singing

"So, so,
Together we go."

And when they were near the school the first child stopped the other in great alarm and asked, "Hast time for play?" "Yea," said the other, "part of each day." At this they both sang and made believe to do—

"To jump and to run,
To chase you in fun,
In hide-and-go-seek,
I'll hear if you speak,
When near you I creep,
I'll spy if you peep."

And so that day,
Happy and gay,

To school they went,
To work and to play.

ANGELA M. KEYES

(This quaint story makes a good skipping game. Any number of couples may play, if all go the same way.)

AGNESE AND HER FRUIT STAND

THE children all knew Italian Agnese and called her by name. The reason they knew her was that she kept a fruit stand, and was blind. Besides she had the cunningest fat, black-eyed, crowing baby on the block; and she had a machine for roasting peanuts. The baby's father was dead, poor little one; but for that the children petted him the more. And the reason they called her by name was that everybody did. Besides she would sometimes let the girls carry off the baby; and once in a great while she would let the boys turn the peanut machine.

Her fruit stand was on the corner of a dirty city street. But it made up for the dirt. It was lovely to the eye, sweet to the nose, and it set the mouth watering.

Even the grownups noticed it. The Irish milkman, who passed it on his way home every morning, would call out to Agnese, "The top o' the marnin' to ye. It's yersel' that kin make it as purty as a picter. How is that black-eyed rogue?"

Agnese in great delight would point out the milkman to the baby. And the baby would gurgle and crow as the Irishman shook his fist in fun.

The German baker's wife next door would catch sight of the stand as she piled hot fresh-smelling loaves in the window. And she would come to the door to say, "Ach! it does mine heart goot to see it so neat!" The poet in the house across the street would call out from his window perch in a hall bedroom five flights up, "It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever." The shabby artist in the velvet coat would stop before it and thrust his hands into his pockets, for he was hungry. "How she matches and mixes the colors!" he would exclaim. "Thy mother, bambino, can make the beautiful!"

No one but the children, though, said anything about Agnese's blind eyes. And they said the most charming things. They admired the fruit too. You shall hear.

One morning Auguste, Katherine, and Lucy were at last up in time to see Agnese get her stand ready for the day. It was so early that the baker's shop had not yet opened, except in the cellar, where the ovens are. The Irish milkman was still on his rounds, leaving a trail of bottles of milk behind him. The poet and the artist were abed, dreaming, and shutting their eyes again if they woke, not to let the dream go.

"Good morning, Agnese," sang out the children, as soon as her cart was near enough.

"Good morning, my early birds," she called back at once. "You will catch not one worm in my fruit. I have brought back the soundest in the market." She laughed, showing her pretty white teeth.

The cart drew up at the corner. The children saw that it was bulging with fruit. Agnese threw the reins over the horse's back and stepped lightly down.

"How well you drive, Agnese," said Auguste. "You do not need eyes to see which way to go! You could be a coachman instead of a fruit lady."

"Ah, it is my old horse knows every step of the way, and obeys my lightest pull on the rein." Agnese patted the horse's nose and fed him a lump of sugar from a gay pocket hanging at her belt.

"Now," she cried, bustling about, "I must take out the best and sweetest cherry first." And out she lifted her baby, cradle and all. With a finger on her lip, not to wake him, she gave them a peep. There he lay as snug as the richest baby in bed at home.

"He's fast asleep, the dear little ducky," whispered Lucy.

"Look at his fist," said Auguste; "we'd better not wake him. He may give us a punch."

Agnese set the cradle safe away. Then she was ready for the fruit stand.

"May we help you unload the wagon?" asked Katherine. "We will be very careful."

"Yes, and we will do everything you tell us, dear Agnese," said Lucy.

"We will not eat even one grape," said Auguste.

"Ah, it is very glad indeed I am, to have your help," cried Agnese, "for the stable boy will soon come for the

horse and cart. And before we begin I shall give each of you the very juiciest pear I can find."

The children all said together that she must not do any such thing. They said they would not take it. But when they saw that she really wished them to have the pears, they ate them down to the very stems. I'm not sure that Auguste did not eat stem and all.

"How clever you are, Agnese," said Katherine, as she finished the last delicious bit; "you did not see the pears to pick them out."

"What a goose I'd be," laughed Agnese, "to give you bananas in mistake. Haven't I a nose that can tell a pear from a banana? Besides, and this is how I tell most things, haven't I my hands to touch them? I can feel their smooth skins and the necks on them. I'm not clever."

"Well," said Auguste, "some people with noses and hands and eyes too are very stupid. I know a boy—"

"Tut, tut," said Agnese, "to work, to work!"

You should have seen Agnese prepare the fruit stand. When all the baskets were laid near on the sidewalk, she uncovered the stand, and touched it lightly with her fingers.

"Ah, the wicked dust has got in again. I drove him out before I left. I'll banish him." She brought out a stiff cloth and did.

"Now," said she, "for our fruit. The apples may have their cheeks polished, but the pears I must rub only

gently, not to crack their skins. None but fruit good at the heart shall go on my stand. I shall try you over again, sirs, before I let you pass," said she, with a nod of her shining black head.

That was the best of Agnese, she could play a game with anything.

She held each apple and pear in her hand to weigh it, and felt it over with her fingers for bad spots.

And what wonderful things she made!

When she had piled up the last pear and stuck a piece of brown stem in the top, she stepped back for the children to see.

"Why, Agnese, you've built up a big golden pear!" cried Lucy. "Isn't it beautiful!"

"Ha! you like it?" said Agnese, well pleased. "See what I make of the apples," said she.

The children watched breathlessly as she polished and piled one round layer of red and yellow apples on top of another. She hadn't gone far up when they burst out together, "It's a round tower."

"So it is," she said; "I know some children who are the clever ones."

Up and up she went. On the very top she placed a green branch. It waved in the early morning breeze.

"You do make the most beautiful things, Agnese," said Lucy.

"I am sure you are an artist," said Katherine.

"Ha!" said Agnese, in high good humor; "what fun

to be a fruit lady and a coachman and now an artist."

"Isn't it a pity the tower must come down as you sell the apples?" said Auguste.

"But what would the bambino do for food and clothing if his mother sold no fruit and made no pennies?" cried Agnese. "I know I shall have an empty fruit stand this evening. Am I not taking pains with it to please some little friends of mine?" said she, slyly.

The children laughed with pleasure.

"Of course," said Auguste, "you might play war, and pretend that the buyers are the enemy. They are paying you to take down the walls of the tower and let out the prisoners."

"Bravo!" said Agnese, "that will be fun. Play war is much better than real war."

"Let me see now what else I have," said she, feeling the fruit. "Ah, you are round and firm, with soft down on your cheek. I must not brush that off. I know you, my beauties; you are my downy peaches. And these soft ones in the next basket, not so large and round, but so cool to my touch are my lovely dark purple plums. There is a downy bloom on them, too, that I must not brush off."

"Not one mistake, Agnese," cried the children.

"But my examination is not over," said Agnese, pretending at once they were examining her, "let me try to name every one; perhaps I may miss on fruits after all."

“Not you,” said Auguste, “you will get one hundred per cent.”

“These heavy bunches are the grapes; they were plucked this very morning, the dew is still on them,” said Agnese; “I must not dry them. The long ones are the white ones and the round ones the purple. Is it not so?”

“Yes, yes,” cried the children, “you haven’t missed.”

“Ah,” said she, passing her hand quickly from one basket to another, “and now I come to grape fruit, oranges, and lemons.”

“O, those will be hard to tell apart; do not miss, dear Agnese,” cried Lucy, anxiously.

“Huh!” said Auguste, “of course she won’t.” But he too bent over a little anxiously.

You should have seen the fun in Agnese’s face! She put out her hand, then drew it back, and wrinkled her forehead. Katherine saw through her, “You are only making believe,” she cried. “Time is up. You must tell at once.”

“Well,” said Agnese, “I hope I shall not miss. My nose shall not help me,” she said, holding it with one hand. “These round heavy fellows with the smooth skin are—grape fruit.”

“Good for you!” cried Auguste, waving his cap.

“And these smaller round fellows with rougher skins are—oranges.”

“Right!” shrieked Lucy, clapping her hands.

"And these with the round knobs at one end of them are—are—"

"Don't miss, dear, dear Agnese," begged Katherine; "I think you should let your nose help you."

"No, no," cried Agnese, pinching it together more tightly; "they are—lemons!"

"One hundred per cent.," cried the children, "hurrah for Agnese!"

"The bananas are very easy," said she, "they won't count. And here are nuts," running her fingers through them. "I know them too. Here are those two-sided rough butternuts with the round, curved backs between. Here are peanuts like little fat ladies without head or feet, and tied in the middle."

The children chuckled at that.

"Must I prove that I know the rest" asked Agnese.

"No, no," they said, "we'll give you a hundred per cent. on the nuts, and on the dates and figs too."

Well, after that Agnese worked like a beaver. And whenever she could, she made what the children asked for.

She built the peaches up into a rosy pyramid with fresh green leaves between every two layers. At the other end of the stand she heaped a small mountain of grape fruit, oranges, and lemons, with a path made of nuts. In the center she placed the brown block of dates.

"That's a house in the valley," said Lucy.

"Oh, yes," said Auguste, "and because a band of

robbers lives in the mountains, the people get in and out by a hidden door underground."

"That's the reason too that the house has no windows," said Katherine.

"Of course," said Auguste.

While they were talking Agnese did something to the house that left the children speechless with delight. She topped it with a pointed roof of figs.

As soon as Lucy could get her breath she cried, "I almost wish *I* were blind, Agnese!"

"Oh, no," said Agnese, quickly, "keep those gray eyes of yours open to the light."

"Why, Agnese, how do you know they are gray?"

"Isn't your name Lucy?" asked Agnese.

"Agnese, you *are* clever, no matter what you say," said Auguste.

Well, such a success as that fruit stand was! Every child for blocks around came to buy. And as for the grownups, they praised Agnese and the baby so much, although all he did was to crow at it, that Agnese was happier than a queen with a gold crown on her head.

"Sure it's an architec' yer mother is, ye black-eyed rogue," said the Irish milkman.

"Ach, mein friend," said the German baker's wife, throwing up her hands, "you have the talent!"

"I shall make a beautiful story in verse out of it," cried out the poet, seizing a pen. "It will make my fortune."

“Ah,” said the artist, “little bambino, thy mother has a very pretty fancy. See that later on thou carve a statue of her in fine marble.” The baby did not understand a word that he said. But the mother cried, “O, I have great hopes of him; his grandfather was a sculptor.”

It was the children’s praise that Agnese liked best. “Isn’t Agnese wonderful?” they said to one another. “She does not need eyes. She can make anything with her thoughts and her fingers.”

ANGELA M. KEYES

GOOD AND BAD APPLES

THERE was a little apple tree near the garden wall.

Not far from it was the plaster statue of a young man leaning on a hoe,—Old Hoe, he was called. He had nothing to do but to watch the trees and flowers, and think about them. Old Hoe always thought aloud:—

“So, here is a new-comer,” said he, “and it is to bear apples—is it? It has a hard task before it. It takes a great deal to make an apple. It must rain just so often, and the sun must shine just so many days, and the wind must not blow too hard, and it must not hail when the blossoms come. It is a wonder that there are ever any apples at all; and then, they are picked and put in a basket. Seems to me it is hardly worth while to go through so many troubles, just to be picked and put in a basket.”

“But what am I to do?” asked the young apple tree.

Old Hoe did not answer; he never was known to join in talk with others. The world might hear, if it liked, when he spoke out, but he had too many thoughts in his head merely to make conversation.

The sun shone, the rain fell, the wind blew, there was hail and snow and ice. And by and by six blossoms came

upon the little apple tree. And after the blossoms came just two apples, for the other four blossoms came to nothing. Two rosy apples! the little tree was very proud of them.

"Ah! two apples," said Old Hoe one day; "they are not very large either. Seems to me it is rather a small affair for the wind, and the sun, and rain, and this apple tree, to work so hard and make only two apples. Why should not everything make everything bigger than itself?" and Old Hoe stared down the garden. A hen just then laid an egg under the hedge, and was off telling her neighbors. "Now that hen made an egg," Old Hoe went on; "but seems to me the egg ought to have made the hen." He was puzzled, but nobody would suspect it, for he looked very grave.

The little apple tree, meanwhile, was lifting up her head bravely, and holding out her two apples at arm's length, on opposite sides. They could not see each other; but they could talk, though they had not much to say. They were twins.

"Brother," said One to the Other, "how do you grow to-day? Do you feel pretty mellow?"

"I can't yet feel very warm," said the Other, "but then the sun is not very high. How delightful it is to be getting riper every day. I only hope we shall not be picked too soon. I should like to be perfectly ripe first."

"Well, brother," said One, "I—I do not quite agree

with you. I begin to think that we have made a little mistake. There is something besides getting ripe and being picked and placed in a basket. In fact," said he, "I *knew* that there is something better, for I am already beginning to enjoy it."

"Why, how can that be?" asked the Other. "We get the sun and the air and the sap, and so we grow warm and ripe. Come! is there anything better? what is your secret?"

"It is not easily told," said One, mysteriously, "but you shall hear something. Yesterday afternoon, as I was beginning to dread the night, I heard something on the twig, and pretty soon felt it on my stem. It came slowly down until it was firmly on me.

"Who may you be?" said I, a little angrily, I must confess."

"Do not be disturbed, good sir," said a soft voice; 'I am a friend come to visit you. You will be the better for me. I am Tid, the worm.'

"I had never heard of him before. But he was so soft and comfortable in his ways, that I knew at once he was a friend. And so I welcomed him."

"It is lonely enough here," said I, 'for my brother never can come to see me. My only amusement is when the wind blows, and I get a chance to rock back and forth, and that is sometimes a little too hard.'

"Just so," said Tid. 'I have been waiting for you some time on the grass below, hoping some windy day

you might fall off and come to see me, for it is very hard work climbing so high. I have waited long enough, and now I am here, glad to get to my journey's end.'

"At that, Tid stood on his head, I thought.

"What are you doing, Tid?" said I.

"I am going," said he, "to bring you a new pleasure. Have a care; don't joggle me off."

"Brother, those were his exact words."

"Well," said the Other, "and what is the new pleasure? Is it to walk round on you and keep you warm?"

"Better than that," said One. "Do you know, if you could look round here, you wouldn't see Tid?"

"Not see him! has he gone then?"

"Yes, yes," said One, bursting out with it; "he has gone in! he has gone in!"

"Gone in!"

"You know I told you I thought Tid was standing on his head. So he was. And he began to make a little hole in me, not far from the stem, and put his head in, and so, deeper and deeper, till, now, my dear brother, Tid is entirely inside!"

"Well," said the Other, "do you call that pleasant?"

"Pleasant!" cried One. "Growing ripe is nothing to it. Why, there is Tid, burrowing and burrowing, and the further in he goes, the easier it is for the sun to get inside, you know. But the warmth is not the great

pleasure; it's the tickling! the tickling! Tid is tickling me all the time, and I sit here and laugh."

"Dear me!" said the Other, "and Tid is doing all this for you; and how does he like it?"

"There! I just hear him talking to himself. Hark!"

"Well, what does Tid say?" asked the Other.

"He says,—'Munch, munch! I must be getting toward the core. I have not had such a feast this long while. I came just at the right time. The apple and I will get ripe together. I shall go on, too, after picking-time comes.' There! do you hear that? You see Tid and I are not going to stop when I get ripe."

"I don't know about this," said the Other. "Why, Tid's hollowing you out—isn't he? and suppose he leaves nothing but your skin?"

"All I know is," said One, sharply, "that I get a new delight all the while, and don't put off my pleasure till I am picked and put in a basket."

The Other was silent, but he kept thinking. And the more he thought, the more sure he was that he should not wish a visit from Tid. That went on for several days, and they agreed less and less whenever they fell to talking.

"Halloo!" cried One, one day, "what do you think? I am getting popular. Tid's friends missed him, and now they have come—three more, uncommonly like Tid. They have all gone in, too, and each by a different hole."

"I must speak out," said the Other. "I am certain that it is all wrong, and I do beseech you, brother, to get rid of Tid and his relatives. There is no time to lose."

"Indeed!" said One. "I understand you perfectly; if, now, Tid had visited you—but we will say no more."

And so for several days nothing more was said; nothing by them, that is, for Old Hoe at length spoke out:—

"Seems to me strange that those apples do not do anything to get ripe. They just hang and hang. I could hang, but should I be the better for that? Seems to me if they were to get down and roll round on the ground, they would be doing something,—would be getting on with their ripening. There is the gardener; if he were to stand still all day, would the garden take care of itself?"

The gardener was at this moment coming up toward the tree. Perhaps the twins saw him; at any rate One called out with a faint voice,—

"Brother, a word with you. I feel weak."

"Cheer up, cheer up!" said the Other. "We must be quite ripe now. We shall soon be picked and placed in a basket."

"Ah! you are very well; but as for me, I have been growing weaker every day. Tid and his relatives have been all through me. And somehow all the pleasure is gone."

Just here the gardener came up to the tree.

"Well, one is all worm-eaten, but t'other is a rosy, ripe apple." He picked them both and tossed one away. He took the other with him.

"This is the end—eh?" said Old Hoe. "One is thrown away and the other is picked." The apple thrown away had rolled quite near Old Hoe, and he now saw it.

"So this was a bad apple! Why, what had it done? It had all the rain and sun as the other had, and it was picked. It was not placed in a basket. I don't understand."

"I understand," said the apple. "If I had joggled Tid off when he first came, as I might have done, all would have been well, but now it is all over. Oh dear, they are all going about again! and I have such a headache." In a few moments Tid and his relatives had put their heads out of their different doors.

"What's this?" said Tid. "We were all living peaceably. What have you been doing to shake us about so? I nearly had a fit. Aha! I see; friends, we are on the ground once more. Come, I like this. I was beginning to dread climbing down the tree, and there's not much left here. But we'll finish what we have begun," and, so saying, all crawled in again.

Old Hoe heard this also, but was too astonished to do anything but stare off into the garden.

Perhaps he would have been more puzzled if he could have followed the good apple. This was tied with a

string and hung over the fire, and twirled round and round. The apple was a little dizzy at first, but in a moment was so delighted that he began to dance. The pleasure he had felt when the wind blew him was nothing to this. Then the heat of the fire began to warm him and to creep deliciously through and through; why, the brightest sunshine had never made him glow so. The little apple laughed and shook with merriment. He could not keep in, and actually burst his sides out with joy, all the while humming a tune. It was the first time he had ever sung in his life, and this was the song that Little Apple sang:—

“**A**LL summer long
I sang no song
Upon the green-leaved tree:
 But let the sun
 Sing, one by one,
The summer songs to me.

“The songs I hid
My seeds amid,
Until they eager grew:
 My lips, alas!
 They could not pass,
To sing themselves anew.

“Then bright flames leapt
To where I kept
My pretty songs in cage:

THE FIVE SENSES

They burst the bars
With glad ha, ha's!
And mocked at my old age.

“Out flew the songs,
The summer songs;
And now they sing to me
The joys I knew
All summer through,
Upon the apple tree.”

FROM HORACE E. SCUDDER

WHITTLING

THE Yankee boy, before he's sent to school,
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
The pocket-knife.

His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,
Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it.

His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings
A growing knowledge of material things.

His chestnut whistle and his shingle cart,
His elder pop-gun, with its hickory rod,
Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,
His corn-stalk fiddle, and the deeper tone
That murmurs from his pumpkin-stalk trombone,
Conspire to teach the boy
Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,

To these succeed
His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed,
His windmill, raised the passing breeze to win,
His water-wheel, that turns upon a pin,
Or, if his father lives upon the shore,
You'll see his ship, "beam ends upon the floor,"
Full rigged, with raking masts, and timbers staunch,
And waiting, near the wash-tub, for a launch.

Thus, by his genius and his jack-knife driven
Ere long he'll solve you any problem given;
Make any gimcrack, musical or mute,
A plough, a couch, an organ, or a flute;
Make you a locomotive or a clock,
Cut a canal, or build a floating-dock,
Or lead forth beauty from a marble block;—
Make anything, in short, for sea or shore,
From a child's rattle to a seventy-four;—
Make it, said I?—Ay, when he undertakes it,
He'll make the thing and the machine that makes it.

And when the thing is made,—whether it be
To move on earth, in air, or on the sea;
Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide,
Or, upon land to roll, revolve, or slide;
Whether to whirl or jar, to strike or ring,
Whether it be a piston or a spring,
Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood or brass,
The thing designed shall surely come to pass;
For, when his hand's upon it, you may know
That there's go in it, and he'll make it go.

FROM JOHN PIERPONT

THE FLAX

THE Flax stood in blossom; it had pretty little blue flowers, delicate as a moth's wings, and even more delicate. The sun shone on the Flax, and the rain clouds moistened it. This was just as good for it as it is for little children to be washed, and afterward kissed by their mother. They become much prettier, and so did the Flax.

"The people say that I stand uncommonly well," said the Flax, "and that I'm fine and long, and shall make an excellent piece of linen. How happy I am! I'm certainly the happiest of beings. How well off I am! And I may come to something! How the sunshine gladdens, and the rain tastes good and refreshes me! I'm the happiest of beings!"

"Yes, yes, yes!" said the Hedge-stake. "You don't know the world, but we do, for we have knots in us." And it creaked out mournfully:

"Snip-snap-snurre,
Bassellurre!
The song is done."

"No, it is not done," said the Flax. "To-morrow the sun will shine, or the rain will refresh us. I feel that

I'm growing. I feel that I'm in blossom: I'm the happiest of beings."

But one day the people came and took the Flax by the head and pulled it up by the root. That hurt. Then they laid in water as if they were going to drown it. And they put on the fire as if they were going to roast it. It was fearful!

"One can't always have good times," said the Flax. "One must have hard things happen to him. That's the way to know something."

But bad times certainly came. The Flax was moistened and roasted and broken and hackled. Yes, it did not even know what the things were called that were done to it. It was put on the spinning-wheel—whirr! whirr! whirr—it made the Flax dizzy.

"I have been happy!" it thought in all its pain. "I must be contented! Contented! Contented! Oh!" And it kept on saying that when it was put in the loom, and until it became a large beautiful piece of linen. All the Flax, to the last stalk, was used in making one piece.

"This is good fortune! I should never have believed it! The Hedge-stake did not know, truly, with its

'Snip-snap-snurre
Bassellurre!'

The song is not done by any means. Now it's really beginning. If I've suffered something, I've been made into something! I'm the happiest of all! How strong

and fine I am, and how white and long! That's something different from being a mere plant. That bears flowers, but it gets watered only when it rains. Now, the maid turns me over every morning, and I get a shower bath from the watering-pot every evening. Yes, the clergyman's wife has even made a speech about me, and says I'm the best piece in the whole parish. I cannot be happier!"

The linen was taken into the house, and put under the scissors. How they cut and tore it and then pricked it with needles! That was not pleasant. But twelve pieces of linen were made of it—a whole dozen!

"Just look! Something has really been made of me! So that was what I was intended for. That's a real blessing. Now I shall be of some use in the world, and that's right, that's a true pleasure. We've been made into twelve things, but yet we're all one and the same. We're just a dozen; how delightful that is!"

Years rolled on, and now they would hold together no longer.

"It must be over one day," said each piece. "I should gladly have held together a little longer, but I must not expect it."

They were now torn into fragments. They thought it was all over, for they were hacked to shreds, and softened and boiled. Yes, they themselves did not know all that was done to them. And then they became beautiful white paper.

"Now, this is a surprise, and a glorious surprise!" said the Paper. "Now I'm finer than before, and I shall be written on. That is truly good fortune."

And really the most beautiful stories and verses were written upon it, and only once there came a blot. What was written on it made people much more sensible and better. There was a great blessing in the words that were on this Paper.

"This is more than I ever thought when I was a little blue flower in the fields. How could I imagine that I should ever spread joy and knowledge among men? I can't yet understand it myself, but it is really so. Each time when I think 'the song is done,' it begins again in a higher and better way. Now I shall certainly be sent about to journey through the world, so that all people may read me. It must be so, I cannot be mistaken. I've splendid thoughts, as many as I had pretty flowers in the old times. I'm the happiest of beings."

But the Paper was not sent on travels; it was sent to the printer. And everything that was written on it was set up in type for a book, or rather for many hundreds of books. In this way a far greater number could get pleasure from the book than if the one paper had run about the world, to be worn out before it had got half-way.

"Yes, that is certainly the wisest way," thought the Written Paper. "I really did not think of that. I shall stay at home, and be held in honor, just like an old

grandfather. I really am the grandfather of all these books. He who wrote all this looked at me; every word flowed from his pen right into me. I am the happiest of all."

Then the Paper was tied together in a bundle, and thrown into a tub that stood in the wash-house.

"It's well to rest after work," said the Paper. "It is very right that one should collect one's thoughts. Now I'm able for the first time to think of what is in me, and to know one's self is to improve. What will be done with me now? At any rate I shall go forward again; I'm always going forward. I've found that out."

Now, one day all the Paper was taken out and laid by the hearth. It was to be burned, for it might not be sold to hucksters to be used for covering butter and sugar, they said. And all the children in the house stood round about. They wanted to see the Paper burn, it flamed up so prettily, and afterward you could see many red sparks among the ashes. One spark after another faded out quick as the wind, and that they called "seeing the children come out of school," and the last spark was the schoolmaster. One boy thought he had already gone, but at the next moment there came another spark. "There goes the schoolmaster!" they said. Yes, they all knew about it.

All the old Paper, the whole bundle, was laid upon the fire. "Ugh!" it said, and burst out into bright flame. Ugh! that was not pleasant, but when the whole was

wrapped in bright flames these mounted up higher than the Flax had ever been able to lift its little blue flowers, and glittered as the white linen had never been able to glitter. All the written letters turned for a moment quite red, and now all the words and thoughts turned to flame.

“Now, I’m mounting straight up to the sun,” said a voice in the flame. And it was as if a thousand voices said this. The flames mounted up through the chimney. Out at the top, floated little tiny beings, as many as there had been blossoms on the Flax. They were so delicate human eyes could not see them. They were lighter even than the flames from which they were born.

When the flame was put out, and there was nothing left of the Paper but black ashes, they danced over it once more, and where they touched the black mass the little red sparks appeared. The “children came out of school,” and the schoolmaster was the last of all. That was fun! and the children sang over the dead ashes:

“Snip-snap-snurre,
Bassellurre!
The song is done.”

But the little invisible beings all said: “The song is never done, that is the best of all. I know it, and therefore I’m the happiest of all.”

But the children could neither hear that nor understand it, nor ought they, for children must not know everything.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

THE MASQUE OF THE FIVE SENSES

ONCE the Five Senses disputed together which was the greatest. Taste said he was because he guarded man's life, and Smell at once claimed he did that. Hearing said he kept man informed and charmed, and Sight at once claimed he did that. And the others made a great hubbub because they weren't sure what that was. As for Touch, he said he was the Court of Last Appeal for everything; so he was the greatest of the greatest. Well, it went on, and they could not agree.

At last they decided to put the case before the boys and girls. To please the judges the cunning fellows gave a sort of showy sight of their doings, and boldly called it a *Masque*.

Here it follows (Why don't you boys and girls play it?) :

THE MASQUE OF THE FIVE SENSES

Players

Taste.....	Tongue
Smell.....	Nose
Touch	Hands
Hearing	Ears
Sight.....	Eyes

Herald, Helpers, Father Time, Sharp Need, Harvest, Boys and Girls, Children, Poor Children, Little Children, Workers, Artists, Circus Players, Etc. (This is the way they put them down to make a big showing. There wasn't any Etc., at all.)

Place: A Room or Open Space.

THE CONTEST PROCLAIMED

(Herald enters, wearing a plume in his cap and blowing a trumpet. After him come the Five Senses, capering merrily and pinching and tickling one another.)

(Each of the Five wears a large comic mask. Tongue has a great red tongue dangling from his mask. Nose has a long nose standing out on his mask. Hands wears huge hollow false hands drawn over his own and held up crossed at the back of his head to look like horns. Ears has immense pink ears flapping on his mask. Eyes has on his big round painted eyes.)

(They draw up at one side, motionless. The Herald takes up a post at the other side.)

HERALD

BEHOLD the Senses Five!
 In contest now engaging
 To win your royal favor
 Right merry warfare waging,
 To prove 'tis Tongue or Nose
 Or
 Mouth or Eye
 Or
 Ear or Hand
 Doth do you greatest service,
 Your minion, to command.

(As each player is named he makes a funny movement. Tongue wags his red tongue. Nose squeaks through his long nose. Hands waves his huge hands at the audience. Ears turns his head from side to side to flap his enormous ears. Eyes puts up his hands to his great round painted eyes and cries "Peek-a-boo!")

(The Herald goes out.)

(The players bow to the audience. As they do so, they take off the comic masks. They point to the shields outlined on their breasts. Here are painted the signs by which they are to be known without the masks. Tongue's is a mother-bird with its beak in the mouth of a little bird. Nose's is a flower. Hands' is a pair of hands. Ears' is a shell held to an ear. Eyes' is a large eye.)

(The players go out.)

SCENE 1: TASTE

(At a table children are eating bread and butter and drinking milk. At one end of the table is a dish of unripe fruit. On a sideboard or on a small table are water and glasses.)

(One greedy child heaps his plate with bread and draws over the pitcher of milk. Another child reaches for the unripe fruit. The child near it looks at the fruit and shakes his head as much as to say, "It is not good to eat." But the other reaches over and takes it.)

(Tongue enters.)

TONGUE

BY taste I find for you
What is good and pure
In meat and milk and bread,
By which you must be fed."

(He fills out a glass of water, lifts it to his lips, "makes a wry face," and sets down the glass quickly.)

TONGUE

“**I** warn you of rank weed,
 Growing where fresh spring
 Of bubbling water doth outburst,
 To quench your burning thirst.”

(He catches sight of the greedy child and of the child about to eat the unripe fruit.)

TONGUE

FOR fruit unripe and greediness
 I cause in you distaste;
 The year rolls round, the harvest comes,
 Feed full, but do not waste.”

(At this moment Harvest comes in. She wears a wreath of wheat heads, and carries sheaves of grain. With her are two boys with sickles. After these come little girls holding horns of plenty, filled with fruit. Last comes a boy bearing a large pumpkin. The boys and girls wear wreaths of autumn leaves, pine cones, and red berries.)

(The children rise in surprise and delight.)

(Tongue takes his place near Harvest.)

TONGUE

WHEN grapes hang purple on the vine,
 Brown earth bears pumpkins yellow,
 Gold and red the apples shine,
 In autumn sunshine mellow,

“These delights to you I give,
 And pray Old Time to speed

Your days and nights with happiness,
And keep from you Sharp Need."

(Harvest and her train hold the grain and fruit toward the children.)

(Before Tongue says the last lines he turns toward Father Time. Father Time, wearing a flowing snow-white wig and beard, has come in and is standing at the back, in the center.)

(As Tongue speaks to him Father Time comes forward, smiles toward the children, then turns upon Sharp Need, a thin, ragged fellow, who has crept in and is going toward the children. With a gesture of his right arm Father Time bids him be off. Sharp Need slinks out.)

TONGUE

(to audience)

I've done
The task be yours to tell
If Tongue, your servant, hath done well."

(All go out, or the curtain falls.)

(They had no curtain. They put everything on and off in plain sight. They said it impressed the audience—that's what the Helpers were for—it is a very good way.)

SCENE 2: SMELL

(Nose runs on from the side, letting in a savory odor from a kitchen out of sight. He comes rubbing his hands and sniffing. He speaks in jolly tones.)

NOSE

TIS when good things
Sputter and sizzle in pot,
And cook's hand's in oven
To see is it hot

THE FIVE SENSES

That I'm in highest favor;
 'Tis then I'm needed most,
 You'll find me at my post.
 With each whiff from the kitchen
 I set a small mouth watering
 In every mother's son of you
 And likewise her daughter in.

(As he speaks, he stops from time to time to peep into the kitchen and sniff.)

(Children come to the feast. They enter from the other side and pass through a door at the back into a room out of sight, where the feast is being held. The girls are in white. Both boys and girls wear wreaths of red and white flowers. They are singing; the sound is heard but not the words.)

(Nose watches them.)

NOSE

tell of feast in hut or hall,
 Where Love is king and welcomes all;
 The rich and poor, the great or small,
 There's room and to spare, next Tom or Paul.

(As he speaks poor children come in timidly and gaze at the door through which the others went. Nose holds the door open for them, and as each goes in places on the child's head a wreath of the same kind of red and white flowers.)

(After closing the door Nose comes forward, smiling.)

NOSE

NOSE shall please thee more,
 With sweet memories.
 As he tells o'er
 His sweet task.

(He pauses as if thinking)

'Tis I bring dewy perfume sweet
From hidden flower in wood,
Violet white and shy wild rose,
Lily floating on the pond
In fragrant solitude.

I tell of blooming lilac bush,
Of scented hawthorne tree,
Of cedar sweet and spicy pine,
Of perfumed sap from maple bough
That mounts in spring sunshine;

Of summer breezes blowing full,
With breath of orchard fruits,
Of garden patch, of woodbine shade,
Of grassmown field, of clover glade,
Where sweet-breathed cows
Do graze and gaze
The summer hours away.

(Little children dressed as flowers, or in white, wearing wreaths and garlands of flowers, trip in. As they move they fill the air with the perfume hidden in their clothes. They take hands and dance around Nose, singing.)

LITTLE CHILDREN

WHEN fairy rings
You find at morning,
'Twas the fairies dancing there.

THE FIVE SENSES

Lark upspringing,
Day is dawning,
Fairies flee as light as air.

Foot it neatly,
Foot it fleetly,
Round and round and round we go;

Nodding sprightly,
Tripping lightly,
Come, dear Nose, away we go.

(They dance off, Nose capering off with them.)

SCENE 3: TOUCH

(At one side of the room or open place are workers at their tasks: a Carpenter, a Chaircaner, a Dressmaker, a Shoemaker. Outside are seen a Woman Churning and a Blacksmith at his anvil. At the other side of the room is a group of Artists: a Woodcarver, a Sculptor, a Painter, and a Musician.

(In the center stands Hands, holding up objects as he speaks.)

HANDS

“I tell
Of hard or soft,
Of smooth or rough,
Of curved and pointed true.”

(He turns toward the two groups and goes on.)

HANDS

“Things of beauty
And of use
Behold
I bring to you.”

(The Workers call out one after another, quickly, in a singsong chant.)

WORKERS

Carpenter: New tables to make,
Chaircaner: Old chairs to mend,
Dressmaker: Pretty dresses for Lou,
Shoemaker: Pointed toes for Sue:

(Blacksmith, sticking in his head)

BLACKSMITH

“If your horse must be shod,
I’m the man for you,
Stout blacksmith, Hugh,
No good-for-nothing clod.

(Keeping time on his anvil, he roars)

BLACKSMITH

With a rap, tap, tap!
And a merry clank, clink!
When I’m wide awake
I sleep not a wink;
On my anvil true
Now I shape the shoe,
Good luck to the horse
And the rider too!

(The Woman Churning cries out sweetly)

THE FIVE SENSES

WOMAN

THICK cream to sell,
 And butter sweet,
 Salt or fresh,
 In prints so neat.

(Churning more quickly.)

I've thirty head of cows,
 And seven wee calves;
 The poor I always house,
 I'm the richer, by halves.

(Calling more and more softly.)

Thick cream to sell,
 And butter sweet,
 Salt or fresh,
 In prints so neat;
 Thick cream to sell
 And butter sweet.

(As her voice dies away, the Woodcarver, picking up his block of wood and his knife, begins to cut.)

WOODCARVER

BIRD or beast or fish,
 Flower, leaf, or tree,
 Butterfly with gauzy wing,
 Boat with sail set free,
 I'll carve in wood
 With cunning hand;
 And for thy playful hours

Toyhouses, soldiers, furniture,
Green trees, and shaded bowers.

(The Sculptor wets and shapes a mass of clay, or places his chisel against a block of marble, hammer in hand.)

SCULPTOR

Brave and lovely forms I mould
In lasting marble white,
Great Arthur, king, with heart of gold,
Good Percival, his knight.

(As the Artists speak some of the workers gape and stare at what they do and say, others go near and admire.)

(The Painter places his easel and takes up palette and brush.)

PAINTER

The sunset's crimson glow, I paint,
The flush of morning sky,
Colors seven of barred rainbow
I catch before they die.

(The Musician touches his lyre.)

MUSICIAN

I sound
The new life that comes
In spring
From cradle, field, and tree:
Of prattling babes,
Of bleating lambs,
Of peeping birds,
Of cooing doves—

THE FIVE SENSES

The little loves
 Of hearth and wood,
 The tender notes of babyhood—
 All living little things
 I sound—
 A happy note of joy,
 For listening girl and boy.

(He strikes a bolder note.)

I sound the deeds of heroes brave
 Who gave their lives the day to save,
 In battle for the right.

(All go out.)

SCENE 4: HEARING

(Ears comes in, with his lips parted and one hand up as if he is listening. From outside come sweet bird calls and songs. They stop.)

EARS

'TIS by me
 You hear:

Chirp of sparrow,
 Call of robin,
 Song of lark and nightingale;

Shout of playmate,
 Fall of water,
 Sound of wind in swelling sail;

Voice of mother
Telling story,
Song of poet
Chanting glory,
By the winter fire;

Peal of thunder,
Notes of music,
Hark the singing choir.

(He stops to listen.)

(In the distance, out of sight, children sing:)

CHILDREN

'Twas He who made
And feeds and clothes me,
Day and night
His love enfolds me.

(He goes on.)

EARS

“Voices sweet of little children,
Humming insect, cooing dove,
All the myriad sounds of nature,
Telling Wondrous Love.”

(The children's song is heard again, more softly.)

(Ears goes out.)

SCENE 5: SIGHT

(Eyes runs in, gay and smiling.)

Eyes
 The world would be
 A dark, dark place
 Were I!!! (Points to himself proudly.)
 To close my (He winks.)
 Eye.

(He then tells what he shows, looking and acting as if he sees the sights then and there.)

I show you shops crammed full of toys,
 A joyous sight to see;

Behold! a Punch and Judy show!

A hoy! a sail at sea!

(Squeaks a bit of the
 puppet play.)

(Puts hands to mouth
 and calls: A hoy! A
 hoy!)

Sometimes a field of tasseled corn,
 All blowing in the breeze;
 A fountain changing in the light,
 Autumn-reddened trees;

Shadow pictures on the wall,
 Of rabbit, duck, or parrot;
 Cats on back fence in a squall,
 Old guns in the garret;

(Shows with hand.)

Foreign lands where other children
Send kites flying high in air,
Or play reindeer 'stead of horses,
Shout as you do, free from care;

The stars at night; the break of day,
The sun high up at noon,
The gold and purple in the west
At sunset; lo, the moon!

(Music and cheering heard outside. Eyes runs to the door to see what's coming.)

EYES

Here's a sight to cure sore eyes,
To make bad boys play truant,
The good get leave to stay at home,
And all the girls pursue it.

(A circus parade comes into view and passes. In it are not many more than those to be named by Eyes. They pass and re-pass several times. The animals are of course children covered with false animals' heads and skins.)

EYES

Behold! the circus come to town,
The beauteous lady rider,
Elephants and tall giraffes,
Harlequin, the funny clown—
I would fence cracks were wider.

(Eyes goes off saying the last line.)

THE CHILDREN'S DECISION

(The Five Senses, again wearing the comic masks, now come rushing in. They tickle, pinch, and push one another to get first.)

THE FIVE SENSES

THE FIVE SENSES

Eyes: Surely I'm your best servant?

Mouth: No, I!

Hands: I! I!

Ears: No, I.

Nose (tittering): Te, he, he, your worships,

(squeaks): 'Tis me.

AUDIENCE

(One speaks)

Less noise, good sirs,

Or you won't hear

Who's best,

Though plain I'll tell

And clear.

(As each of the Five is named he starts forward eagerly, well pleased. Then as he hears what is said he looks and acts ridiculously sad or glad. At the same time the others look and act ridiculously hopeful or envious.)

AUDIENCE

Nose—is not best,

Mouth—is not worst,

Ears—nor Eyes—not last,

Hands—are not first:

But the very best of you—is—

Every man Jack of you,

If you stick together

In fair and fine weather,—

The Senses Five.

(At this the Five join hands and caper about merrily, singing:)

THE FIVE SENSES

We'll stick together

In fair or foul weather

For the very best of us,

Nose— (He squeaks)

Mouth— (He wags his tongue)

Eyes— (He cries "Peek-a-boo!")

Ears— (He flaps his ears.)

Hands— (He waves to the audience.)

Is all of us together,

The Senses Five.

(They bow low and caper off.)

ANGELA M. KEYES

IV
HEARING

*What is the wonderful sound I hear
As I hold a sea-shell to my ear?
Is it a message from over the sea?
Or a song the deep is singing to me?*



©

H E A R I N G

BABES IN THE WOOD

MY dears, do you know,
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away
On a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood,
As I've heard people say.

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobb'd and they sigh'd
And bitterly cried,
And the poor little things,
They lay down and died.

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
They sang them this song,—
Poor babes in the wood!

THE FIVE SENSES

Poor babes in the wood!

And don't you remember
The babes in the wood?

Old story done into verse

THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

SAID the Table to the Chair,
“You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat
And from chilblains on my feet.
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk;
Pray let us take the air,”
Said the Table to the Chair.

Said the Chair unto the Table,
“Now, you *know* we are not able:
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we cannot *walk!*”
Said the Table with a sigh,
“It can do no harm to try.
I’ve as many legs as you:
Why can’t we walk on two?”

So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town
With a cheerful bumpy sound
As they toddled round and round;
And all the people cried,
As they hastened to their side,
“See! the Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air!”

But in going down an alley,
To a castle in a valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day;
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle, and a Mouse
Who took them to their house.

Then they whispered to each other,
"O delightful little brother,
What a lovely walk we've taken!
Let us dine on beans and bacon."
So the Ducky and the leetle
Browny-Mousy and the Beetle
Dined, and danced upon their heads
Till they toddled to their beds.

EDWARD LEAR

LOWER THAN THE BEASTS

IN the reign of a certain king there lived a cruel seneschal, the keeper of the castle. One day while he was walking in the forest near the king's palace he fell into a deep pit covered over with leaves. He himself had ordered this pit dug to entrap the beasts. In great terror he found himself in the midst of a lion, a monkey, and a serpent. He cried out lustily for help. The noise awoke a poor man named Guido, who had brought his ass into the forest to load it with firewood for sale.

"Good friend," cried the seneschal, who had heard Guido shout out, "Who calls?" "help me out and I will make thee rich for life."

"The sun is high," answered Guido, "and my task is not yet done. I am a poor man and I get my living by selling faggots. If I do not gather and sell them every day my wife and I must starve."

But the seneschal begged so piteously and promised him riches so loudly that Guido left the faggots and went back quickly for a long stout cord.

This he let down into the pit and bade the seneschal bind it round his waist. Before the man could do so

the lion leaped forward and seizing the rope was drawn up, and in high glee to find himself free he made off into the wood. Guido let down the rope a second time. This time the monkey vaulted over the man's head and shook the cord. Up he too went into light and liberty, and away he capered to his old haunts in the cocoanut trees. Guido sent the rope down a third time. The lithe serpent twined himself about it and was drawn up, and it did not take him long to disappear into the grass.

"O my good friend," cried the seneschal, beseechingly, "the beasts are all gone now, draw me up quickly, I pray thee." Guido did so, and afterward with such labor that the sweat poured from his forehead, drew up the man's horse; the seneschal had been riding when he fell into the pit.

As the day was now spent, Guido went home without any money from the sale of faggots. His wife had very little to buy bread, but when Guido told her of the promised riches her face brightened. "Be sure I shall wake thee early, husband," she cried; "thou must be at the palace at cockcrow."

But lo! and behold! when Guido arrived at the palace the seneschal declared he did not know him, and ordered him to be whipped out of the gate for daring to ask for money for something he had not done. The porter beat Guido so severely that the poor man fell by the roadside half dead. When Guido's wife heard of this she saddled their ass and took her husband home to nurse

him. His sickness lasted so long that the wife was at her wits' ends to keep the roof over their head. And at the first moment that he could, the husband went back to his faggot gathering in the woods.

One morning toward winter while Guido was gathering the faggots he saw afar off ten asses laden with packs, coming toward him. A lion followed close at the heels of the asses. When they came up to him Guido recognized the lion; it was the very one he had drawn up from the pit.

The lion signed to Guido with his foot to take the loaded asses and go home. Guido did and the lion followed. At the door of Guido's poor hut the noble lion fawned upon him, licking his face and hands; then wagging his tail as if in triumph he stalked back into the woods. Guido, who would rather be poor than dishonest, had it made known in the churches that any who had lost asses should come to him. No one came. So he opened the packs and to his great joy found they were full of money.

The next day when Guido went to the forest he forgot to take something to cleave the wood. Looking about he saw in a tree nearby the monkey he had drawn up from the pit. With teeth and nails the monkey split the wood and then helped Guido to load the asses.

The very next day as Guido sat down on the stump of a tree in the forest to sharpen his axe he made out in the grass the serpent that had come up from the pit. In

its mouth it carried a curious stone of three colors, white, black, and red. This it let fall into Guido's lap and glided off.

As you shall hear, it was a magical stone. It seems that it was so much talked about that the king heard of it and asked to see it. Guido took it at once to the palace and the king was so much struck with its uncommon shape and luster that he bought it at the large price of three hundred florins. "Where, my good man," said he, "did you get this beautiful stone?"

Guido told him the whole story from the beginning: the seneschal's false promise, the beating he himself suffered, and the gratitude of the lion, the monkey, and the serpent.

The king sent straightway for the seneschal. "What is this I hear of thee?" he asked.

The seneschal had not a word to say for himself.

"Ungrateful wretch," cried the king, "thou hast been guilty of the blackest sin. Guido freed thee from frightful danger and for this thou nearly killed him. Thou art lower than the beasts. They, whom he had not set out to serve, have shown gratitude. But thou hast returned evil for good. I will take from thee thy office. Guido shall be seneschal in thy stead. And thou shalt be whipped from the gate."

So it was that riches and honor came to Guido.

Old tale

WINDY NIGHTS

WHENEVER the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by,
Late at night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A BOY'S SONG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free.
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG

WHAT FRANK HEARD

ONE day Frank was standing stock still in the middle of a field. The only movement he made was to turn his head this way and that and hold his ear down. He did it so long that at last the Scarecrow began to notice it.

"What are you at?" said the Scarecrow.

"Sh!" said Frank, "I'm training to be a Naturalist when I grow up—that's a man who knows all about nature, as, of course, you know."

"I didn't," said the Scarecrow, "but I do now."

"It takes a great deal of ear-training and eye-training to be a Naturalist. I'm doing ear-training now. I'm training my ears to hear the voices of the field insects. Listen!"

The Scarecrow listened, though he was made only to be looked at.

"At this minute it is easy to make out two voices. Do you hear a loud buzzing sound that goes like this?" Frank made the sound pretty well. "The books," said Frank as if he were a learned man, "tell me that's the voice of the locust. And that cheery chirp, you hear at the same time, but better if you stop lis-

tening to the buzz, is the voice of the cricket. Yesterday," cried Frank, forgetting to listen as he thought of it, "one of the little black fellows hopped straight into our hall. Perhaps he was looking to see where the winter fire will be. Autumn is almost here now, you know, and after that will come winter. And I've read in stories where people heard crickets chirp as they sat by the winter fire."

"What a great deal you know from books," said the Scarecrow. "And how clever of you to be learning out of school, too!"

"Oh, that's the very best way to learn to be a Naturalist. But I know only a little. What are two sounds out of this whole fieldful! I've read that Naturalists hear hundreds of voices in every field and swamp and hedge."

"Well, everything must have a beginning," said the Scarecrow. "I often hear the farmer say to his wife, Maria, when she wants him to plant the whole hillside, 'A small beginning makes a good ending.' "

"Yes," said Frank, brightening. "Mother often says, 'Great oaks from little acorns grow.' "

"As for the swamps," said the Scarecrow, hopefully, "you know a bull-frog's voice, don't you?"

The Scarecrow tried to show how it goes, though he was made only to look at.

"Oh, yes," cried Frank, beating him at it at once. "And to go back to the insects—I can hear the katydid,

as darkness comes on. I've noticed that I can hear better when I'm not seeing also."

"There may be something in that," said the Scarecrow, with a thoughtful air, for him.

"But," said Frank, "as I was telling father yesterday, I'm getting on faster in hearing bird language. I know the voices of sparrows, robins, blackbirds—"

"Do you know that rogue who can mock the other birds and cheat you into thinking you hear them," broke in the Scarecrow. "I've heard the farmer tell Maria of him. She laughs till the fat on her shakes."

"I've read of him," said Frank. "I haven't met him yet. I'm watching day and night for him."

"You'll catch him at it yet," said the Scarecrow. "But go on; I was a rude fellow to break in."

Frank forgot the exact place where he had stopped. Besides he had thought of something more interesting.

"Just at present I'm giving all my attention to robin language," said he. "It's astonishing," he shouted so loudly that the Scarecrow felt it must be! "It's astonishing how much robins can say. Why, the robins in that old apple tree behind our house can say anything with their voices. All they do is to make them high or low, or quick or slow, or harsh or soft, or—"

"Is it possible!" said the Scarecrow, breathlessly.

"Yes," said Frank, "and of course I know the difference between calls and songs."

"The songs are longer," said the Scarecrow.

"Oh, yes, but there's more than that. I hear it but I can't tell it yet. I got up early one morning—"

"I'm up early every morning," said the Scarecrow, "that's the time I must be on the watch, though Maria says she thinks I should let the crows take a little corn. They do more good than harm, she says. I won't go into that now."

"I think Maria must be right," said Frank, "but as I was going to tell you, I got up early one morning in June, just as the robin in our apple tree was beginning a song. First, it was only a low warble. Then as the morning got lightsome the warble got fuller and louder and freer, you know," said Frank, "until it was like joy.

"And what sweet evening songs he can sing! They aren't so ringing, I might call it," said Frank, trying to say just what he meant; "they are softer and lower. Perhaps birds are like us—and the hills look as if they are too—more quiet and sweet-feeling at evening. I've heard him sing other songs, too, before and after rain. Father says I'm really getting on in hearing bird language."

"Is it as much fun as hearing German?" asked the Scarecrow. "The farmer speaks in German sometimes to Maria. She's German. He can't say all he wants to."

"Fun!" cried Frank, "I'm enjoying myself to my ear tips. I've got my ears so sharp now they can tell way up in my own room when the old birds are scolding the

cat away from the young birds. At first I used to put my head out of the window every time to make sure. I know a Naturalist Lady and a Naturalist Man who can tell when robins are coaxing the young ones to fly or calling other robins to come to them or when they're in a temper. I've plenty yet to learn," said Frank, "but you may believe it is fun."

"I must be going now. Good night, Scarecrow, I like talking to you."

"Good night," said the Scarecrow, "let me know how the ear-training gets on."

"Yes," said Frank, "and when I'm a Naturalist I suppose you'll be a grownup Scarecrow, so we'll keep together."

"There's no telling about me," said the Scarecrow. "But we'll have many a long talk before that, on your favorite language."

"That we will," said Frank. And they parted.

ANGELA M. KEYES

TO-MORROW

I HEARD a puzzled little girl,
Thus to her mother say:
"How slow to-morrow is, mamma!
When comes to-morrow, pray!"

"When you have slept and waked, my child,
Then will to-morrow be."
"So you have said, mamma, yet ne'er
To-morrow came to me.

"I've slept and waked, oft and again,
And still it was to-day.
I've watched and watched for to-morrow,
But it always flew away.

"You said that when to-morrow came,
'Twould come so bright and gay;
I woke and thought—sure now 'tis here!
But still it was to-day!"

THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL

“ONCE in a far off time yet to be,” said the Moon, “I saw a wonderful sight. North, East, South, and West came crowds of little boys and girls.

“They came in processions and bands and troops and groups. They came in double file and single file, in dozens, scores, and hundreds. They came walking, running, leaping, laughing, chattering, singing.

“All kinds came. There were little yellow, slant-eyed Chinese children with long pig tails flying. Oh yes; and two of them carried a child princess in a palanquin. At least she was as rich as a princess anyway,” said the Moon. “I know it by the sparkle of the jewels in the silver nail shields she wore over her long finger nails. I caught a glimpse too of a tiny little red foot smaller than poor Chinese children’s feet. But I didn’t catch a wince of pain now, for *she* was coming as well as the poor children. There were small red Indians with flutes and drums and rattles. Some of the boys had sweet grass wound about their heads, and the girls had bright beads twined in their long black hair. The glass beads as well as the jewels shone in my light,” said the Moon.

“There were dark skinned little Eskimos in fur from

top to toe as if they were roly poly polar bears. There were white children from all parts of Europe and America. Some were tall, fair haired ones from Norway. Some were broad chested English. Some were gray-eyed, red-cheeked Irish. Some were straight-backed, quick Americans. Some were dark-skinned Italians. Some were French children, dainty ones from Paris in high heels, and sturdy ones from Brittany in wooden sabots and white caps. And there were ever so many more. There were brown Malays, and fat black Pickanninies rolling the whites of their eyes and laughing like gleaming sunshine.

With them came things to eat and toys and animals and things to do. It was wonderful. And they all, themselves and whatever came with them, poured in at the same gate. It was a sight worth seeing.

“But the most wonderful part of it all was the sound, and how little it mattered to the children. Such a hub-bub I never heard. It was made of all the languages at once. How the children were to make one another out puzzled me,” said the Moon, “and I’ve learned a thing or two in my time.

“Bless you, it didn’t puzzle the children. Children are naturally clever. They found the way to one another in a twinkling. What they couldn’t say, they did. And that is far more satisfactory.”

“But what brought them together?” say you.

“As I heard later,” said the Moon, “they were having

a Children's Festival at the most central place, The Field of Play.

"Now, if you stop me to ask questions about how they knew the Festival was to be held and when and where, I cannot get on with what I am telling. Those who had charge of it put their heads together and said, 'It is very simple. Everyone will be at the right place at the right time if everyone says to everyone else, 'Come this very minute to the Children's Festival to be held at The Field of Play.' But, on second thought, they saw this plan would not do. So they changed it. They sent out four carrier pigeons with cards tied around their necks: one to the North, one to the East, one to the West, and one to the South. The cards told in pictures the time and place of the Festival. So, as you might have thought out, it was very easy indeed to bring the children together.

"Well, such a time as they had," cried the Moon, "and, if you'll let me say it, how I enjoyed it. It was like being at a theater or a panorama. The clouds passing across my face were the curtains or the time between views. I looked forth now at this scene, now at that, and always at each as part of the whole. I shall never forget that.

"The Festival began at once, and everyone did what he most wanted to do. I'll say for him, too," said the Moon, "that everyone was pretty well-mannered. And all were agreed on the order of the program.

"The very first thing was to prepare the feast. Those who could cook best ran off at once to do this. How they swarmed together as they baked, roasted, and boiled steaming potfuls, panfuls, dishfuls! And how well they agreed. Whether they chattered it in Chinese or in High German or in French or in Darky English, they all put in plenty of oil and sugar to make things sweet and juicy.

"Yum, yum!" said the round-faced Moon, "it makes my mouth water to think of what those youngsters ate when the cooks clapped their hands to say the feast was ready. Even if the French children had not been taught it is polite to eat all you are given, they wouldn't have left a crumb.

"Well, the scene I saw after the feast was quieter," said the Moon, "but it was even more interesting. While some cleared away the feast, others sat together on the ground making things. As you might guess, the little ones made houses and toys. Little Zulus drew the most perfect circles and built play huts of mud, just like the real huts they live in. Some made toy cows of wood and mud. Near the Zulus were small Mexican girls making huts, a little different in shape, out of clay. And some made cattle pens and oxen. Small Mexican boys were turning clay into cunning Mexican mules and men and women, that looked alive. Side by side were pretty little Indian girls stringing wampum, and little girls from Brittany making houses and carts and dolls out of

shells and fish bones, while their brothers cut out small shoes from pieces of wood.

“And such lace as the girls from far off India made, and from Ireland, and from Norway. And the Moorish boys could knit! And how everyone admired the pictures of hunts, Indian girls were painting on rugs of doe skin.

“I was all eyes,” said the Moon.

“Well, such play as they had after that. Arab boys on beautiful horses rode by at breathless speed! Egyptian boys with donkeys followed, crying, ‘Out of the way! Out of the way!’ as if they were selling fruit at home. After them came boys and girls from Sicily seated in carts drawn by mules. The mules were gay with bits of ribbon and bunches of flowers and the carts were gay with pictures painted on the four sides. Some of the pictures were like those the little Sicilians see in their churches. And some showed the great French general crossing the Alps, or the brave queen sucking the poison from the king’s arm. Small white boys played horse everywhere and small Eskimos played reindeer. Shouts of fun filled the air!

“I saw children of all colors watching a Punch and Judy show and screaming with laughter at it! I saw Malay boys taking off the most wonderful cat’s cradles and boys from Hawaii walking stilts fast at a dizzy height. There was a pony race, Mexicans and Indians.

Whew! how they went! Who won? They came in together. American boys played baseball and Eskimo boys brought out bats of walrus bone. Hawaiian boys caught on sticks balls made of leaves tied with grasses, or threw up four or five balls, one after another, and kept all going.

“But the last scene I saw,” said the Moon, “was the best of all. And that’s as it should be at a festival. I shall never forget it. Pickaninnies began mocking black-birds, robins, thrushes, and whip-poor-wills. The little black fellows answered one another as if they were the very birds themselves. The Malays took it up and gave the bird calls of their land. And the Italians followed them. It was like what bird land would be if all the birds should come together at the same time.

“After that the Pickaninnies got out their banjos. The Indians brought out their flutes and drums and rattles. And any one else pulled out anything else he had with him. And though at home a few never dance, everybody danced with himself or with everybody else.

“By this time,” said the Moon, “the night was over. A little Mexican boy caught the first peep of sunrise, and began a hymn of praise to God. All the Mexican children took it up, and soon all the other children were singing.

“Just as I had to go, to give place to the sun,” said

the Moon, "the children began to stream out the gate of the Field of Play, hand in hand. Home they went, North, East, South and West. But I shall never forget how well they got on together and how little difference strange languages made to them."

ANGELA M. KEYES

DEAF AND DUMB

HE lies on the grass, looking up to the sky;
Blue butterflies pass like a breath or a sigh,
The shy little hare runs confidingly near,
And wise rabbits stare with inquiry, not fear:
Gay squirrels have found him and made him their choice;
All creatures flock round him, and seem to rejoice.

Wild ladybirds leap on his cheek fresh and fair,
Young partridges creep, nestling under his hair,
Brown honey-bees drop something sweet on his lips,
Rash grasshoppers hop on his round finger-tips,
Birds hover above him with musical call;
All things seem to love him, and he loves them all.

Is nothing afraid of the boy lying there?
Would all nature aid if he wanted its care?
Things timid and wild with soft eagerness come.
Ah, poor little child!—he is deaf—he is dumb.
But what can have brought them? but how can they know?
What instinct has taught them to cherish him so?

Since first he could walk they have served him like this.
His lips could not talk, but they found they could kiss.
They made him a court, and they crowned him a king;
Ah, who could have thought of so lovely a thing?
They found him so pretty, they gave him their hearts,
And some divine pity has taught them their parts!

“A.”

THE NIGHTINGALE

IN China, you must know, the Emperor is a Chinaman, and all about him are Chinamen too. It happened a good many years ago, but that's just why it's worth while to hear the story, before it is forgotten.

The Emperor's palace was the most splendid in the world. It was all made of porcelain, very costly, but so delicate and brittle that you had to take care how you touched it. In the garden were the most wonderful flowers, and to some of them silver tinkling bells were tied, so nobody might pass by without noticing them. Yes, everything in the Emperor's garden was well done. And the garden went so far that the gardener himself did not know where the end was. If a man went on and on, he came into a glorious forest with high trees. And the forest went straight down to the sea, where ships could sail beneath the branches of the trees. And in the trees lived a Nightingale, which sang so splendidly that even the busy Fisherman, when he went out at night to throw his nets, stopped to hear it.

“How beautiful that is!” he said; but he had to cast his nets, and so he forgot the bird. But when the next night the bird sang again, and the Fisherman heard it, he said again, “How beautiful that is!”

From all the countries of the world travellers came to the city of the Emperor and admired it, and the palace, and the garden. But when they heard the Nightingale, they said, "That is the best of all!"

And the travellers told of it when they went home. And the learned men wrote many books about the town, the palace, and the garden. They did not forget the Nightingale; that was placed highest of all. Those who were poets wrote poems about the Nightingale that sang in the wood by the deep lake.

The books went through all the world, so a few of them once came to the Emperor. He sat in his golden chair, and read, and read. Every moment he nodded his head, for it pleased him to read of the fine things that were said about the city, the palace, and the garden. "But the Nightingale is the best of all!"—it stood written there.

"What's that," exclaimed the Emperor, "the Nightingale! I don't know the Nightingale at all! Is there such a bird in my empire, and even in my garden? I've never heard of that. To think that I should have to learn such a thing for the first time from books!"

And hereupon he called his Cavalier. This Cavalier was so grand that if any one lower in rank than himself dared to speak to him, or to ask him any question, he answered nothing but "P!"—and that meant nothing.

"There is said to be a wonderful bird here called a Nightingale!" said the Emperor. "They say it is the

best thing in all my great empire. Why have I never heard anything about it?"

"I have never heard it named," replied the Cavalier. "It has never been at court."

"I command that it shall be there this evening, and sing before me," said the Emperor. "All the world knows what I have, yet I do not know it myself!"

"I will seek for it," said the Cavalier. "I will surely find it."

But where was it to be found? The Cavalier ran up and down all the staircases, through halls and passages, but no one among all those whom he met had heard talk of the Nightingale. The Cavalier ran back to the Emperor, and said that it must be a story made up by the writers of books.

"Your Imperial Majesty cannot believe how much that is written is made up."

"But the book in which I read this," said the Emperor, "was sent to me by the high and mighty Emperor of Japan, and therefore it cannot be a lie. I will hear the Nightingale! It must be here this evening! It has won my favor. If it does not come, all the court shall be trampled upon after the court has supped!"

"Tsing-pe!" said the Cavalier. And again he ran up and down all the staircases, and through all the halls and corridors. And half the court ran with him, for the courtiers did not like being trampled upon.

At last they met with a poor little girl in the kitchen, who said,—

“The Nightingale? I know it well; yes, it can sing gloriously. Every evening I get leave to carry my poor sick mother the scraps from the table. She lives down by the strand, and when I am coming back tired, and rest in the wood, then I hear the Nightingale sing. And then the water comes into my eyes, and it is just as if my mother kissed me!”

“Little Kitchen Girl,” said the Cavalier, “I will get you a place in the kitchen, with leave to see the Emperor dine, if you will lead us to the Nightingale, for it must be at court this evening.”

So they all set out for the wood where the Nightingale used to sing. Half the court went. When they were half way a cow began to low.

“O!” cried the court pages, “now we have it! That shows a wonderful power in so small a creature! I have certainly heard it before.”

“No, those are cows lowing!” said the little Kitchen Girl. “We are a long way from the place yet.”

Now the frogs began to croak in the marsh.

“Glorious!” said the Chinese Court Preacher. “Now I hear it—it sounds just like little church bells.”

“No, those are frogs!” said the little Kitchen Maid. “But now I think we shall soon hear it.”

And then the Nightingale began to sing.

"That is it!" exclaimed the little girl. "Listen, listen! and yonder it sits."

She pointed to a little gray bird up in the boughs.

"Is it possible?" cried the Cavalier. "I should never have thought it looked like that! How plain it looks! It must certainly have lost its color with fright at seeing such grand people around."

"Little Nightingale!" called the little Kitchen Maid, "our gracious Emperor wishes you to sing before him."

"With the greatest pleasure," replied the Nightingale, and began to sing most delightfully.

"It sounds just like glass bells!" said the Cavalier. "And look at its little throat, how it's working! It's wonderful that we should never have heard it before. That bird will be a success at court."

"Shall I sing once more before the Emperor?" asked the Nightingale, for it thought the Emperor was present.

"My excellent little Nightingale," said the Cavalier, "I have great pleasure in inviting you to a court festival this evening, when you shall charm his Majesty with your beautiful singing."

"My song sounds best in the greenwood!" replied the Nightingale. Yet it came willingly when it heard the Emperor wished it.

The palace was made ready for the festival. The walls and the flooring, which were of porcelain, gleamed in the rays of thousands of golden lamps. The most

gorgeous flowers, which could ring most clearly, were placed in the passages. There was a running to and fro, and a thorough draught, and all the bells rang so loudly that you could not hear yourself speak.

In the midst of the great hall, where the Emperor sat, a golden perch had been placed, on which the Nightingale was to sit. The whole court was there, and the little Cook Maid had leave to stand behind the door, as she had now the title of a court cook. All were in full dress, and all looked at the little gray bird, to which the Emperor nodded.

The Nightingale sang so gloriously that the tears came into the Emperor's eyes, and ran down over his cheeks. And then the Nightingale sang still more sweetly. That went straight to the heart. The Emperor was so much pleased that he said the Nightingale should have his golden slipper to wear around its neck. But the Nightingale said no, with thanks.

"I have seen tears in the Emperor's eyes—that is the real gold to me. An emperor's tears have power. I am rewarded enough!" And then it sang again with a sweet, glorious voice.

"That's the most amiable bird I ever saw!" said the ladies who stood round about. And they took water in their mouths to gurgle when any one spoke to them. They thought they should be Nightingales too. The lackeys and chambermaids said that they were satisfied too. That was saying a good deal, for they are the most

difficult to please. In short, the Nightingale was a success.

It was now to remain at court, to have its own cage, with liberty to go out twice every day and once at night. Twelve servants were sent with the Nightingale when it went out, each had a tight silken string fastened to the bird's leg. There was really no pleasure in an outing of that kind.

The whole city spoke of the wonderful bird, and when two people met, one said nothing but "Nighthin," and the other said "gale!" Eleven peddlers' children were named after the bird, but not one of them could sing a note.

One day the Emperor received a large parcel, on which was written "The Nightingale."

"Here we have a new book about this famous bird," said the Emperor.

But it was not a book; it was an artificial nightingale, which was to sing like a natural one. All over it were diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. As soon as the bird was wound up, it could sing and then its tail moved up and down, and shone with silver and gold. Round its neck hung a little ribbon, and on that was written, "The Emperor of China's Nightingale is poor compared to that of the Emperor of Japan."

"That is very good!" said they all, and he who had brought the artificial bird immediately received the title, Imperial Head-Nightingale-Bringer.

“Now they must sing together; what a duet that will be!”

So they had to sing together; but it did not sound very well, for the real Nightingale sang in its own way, and the artificial bird sang waltzes.

“That is not its fault,” said the Play Master; “it’s quite perfect, and very much to my taste.”

Now the artificial bird was to sing alone. It had just as much success as the real one, and then it was much handsomer to look at—it shone like bracelets and breast-pins.

Three-and-thirty times over did it sing the same piece, and yet was not tired. The people would gladly have heard it again, but the Emperor said that the living Nightingale ought to sing something now. But where was it? No one had noticed that it had flown away out of the open window, back to the greenwood.

All the courtiers spoke against the Nightingale, and said that it was a very ungrateful creature.

“We have the best bird, after all,” said they.

And so the artificial bird had to sing again, and that was the thirty-fourth time that they listened to the same piece. For all that they did not know it quite by heart, it was so very difficult. The Play Master praised the bird most; yes, he said that it was better than a real nightingale, not only its plumage and the many beautiful diamonds, but inside as well.

“For you see, ladies and gentlemen, and above all,

your Imperial Majesty, with a real nightingale you can never be sure of what is coming, but in this artificial bird everything is settled. You can explain it. You can open it, and make people understand where the waltzes come from, how they go, and how one follows up another."

"That is what we think, too," they all said.

The people were to hear it sing too, the Emperor commanded. And they did hear it, and were as much pleased as if they had all had too much tea, and they all said, "O!" and held up their forefingers and nodded. But the poor Fisherman, who had heard the real Nightingale, said,—

"It sounds pretty enough, but there's something wanting, though I know not what!"

The real Nightingale was banished from the country and empire. The artificial bird had its place on a silken cushion close to the Emperor's bed. All the presents it had received, gold and precious stones, were ranged about it. In title it had advanced to be the High Imperial After-Dinner-Singer, and in rank, to Number One on the left hand; for the Emperor considered that side the most important on which the heart is placed, and even in an emperor the heart is on the left side. And the Play Master wrote a work of five-and-twenty volumes about the artificial bird. The book was very learned and very long, full of the most difficult words. But yet all the people said that they had read

it, and understood it, for fear of being thought stupid, and having their bodies trampled on.

So a whole year went by. The Emperor, the court, and all the other Chinese knew every little twitter in the artificial bird's song by heart. But just for that reason it pleased them best—they could sing it themselves, and they did so. The street boys sang, "Tsi-tsi-tsi-glug-glug!" and the Emperor himself sang it too. Yes, that was certainly pleasant.

But one evening, when the artificial bird was singing its best, and the Emperor lay in bed listening to it, something inside the bird said, "Whizz!" Something cracked. "Whir-r-r!" All the wheels ran round, and then the music stopped.

The Emperor immediately sprang out of bed, and had his own physician called; but what could he do? Then they sent for a watchmaker, and after a good deal of talking and looking, it was put into something like order. But the watchmaker said that the bird must be treated carefully, for the barrels were worn, and it would be impossible to put new ones in in such a way that the music would go. Only once in a year was the bird to sing, and that was almost too much. But then the Play Master made a little speech, full of heavy words, and said this was just as well—and so of course it was as well.

Now five years had gone by, and a real grief came upon the whole nation. The Chinese were fond of their

Emperor, and now he was ill, and could not, it was said, live much longer. Already a new Emperor had been chosen, and the people stood out in the street and asked the Cavalier how their old Emperor did.

“P!” said he, and shook his head.

Cold and pale lay the Emperor in his great gorgeous bed. The whole court thought him dead, and each one ran to the new ruler. The chamberlains came out to talk it over, and the ladies'-maids had a great coffee party. All about, in the halls and passages, cloth had been laid down so that no footstep could be heard, and therefore it was quiet there, quite quiet.

But the Emperor was not dead yet. Stiff and pale he lay on the gorgeous bed, with the long velvet curtains and the heavy gold tassels. High up, a window stood open, and the moon shone in upon the Emperor and the artificial bird.

“Music! music!” cried the Emperor. “You little precious golden bird, sing, sing! I have given you gold and costly presents; I have even hung my golden slipper around your neck—sing now, sing!”

But the bird stood still; no one was there to wind it up, and it could not sing without that.

Then there sounded from the window, suddenly, the most lovely song! It was the little live Nightingale, that sat outside on a spray. It had heard of the Emperor’s sad plight, and had come to sing to him of com-

fort and hope. As it sang the blood ran quicker and more quickly through the Emperor's weak limbs.

"Thanks! thanks!" said the Emperor. "You heavenly little bird; I know you well. I banished you from my kingdom and empire; how can I now reward you?"

"You have rewarded me!" answered the Nightingale. "I drew tears from your eyes, when I sang the first time—I shall never forget that. Those are the jewels that rejoice a singer's heart. But now sleep and grow fresh and strong again. I will sing you something."

And it sang, and the Emperor fell into a sweet slumber. Ah! how mild and refreshing that sleep was! The sun shone upon him through the windows, when he awoke, well. Not one of his servants had yet returned, for they all thought he was dead; only the Nightingale still sat beside him and sang.

"You must always stay with me," said the Emperor. "You shall sing when you please; and I'll break the artificial bird into a thousand pieces."

"Not so," replied the Nightingale. "It did well as long as it could; keep it as you have done till now. I cannot build my nest in the palace to dwell in it, but let me come when I feel the wish. I will sit in the evening on the spray by the window, and sing so that you will be glad and thoughtful at once. I will sing of those who are happy and of those who suffer. The little singing bird flies far around, to the poor fisherman, to the

peasant's roof, to every one who dwells far away from you and from your court. I will come and sing to you—but one thing you must promise me."

"Everything!" said the Emperor.

"I beg of you to tell no one that you have a little bird who tells you everything. Then things will go all the better."

So that was how it was agreed and the Nightingale flew out.

The servants came in to look to their dead Emperor, and—yes, there he stood, and the Emperor said "Good morning!"

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

WHAT THE BIRDS HEARD FROM FRANCIS

A STORY is told of how a good and holy man named Francis once preached to the birds.

As Francis was going on his way he heard a great twittering of birds. And there a little way off in a field was a whole flock of swallows sitting, with their eyes on him.

“Wait for me, here,” said he to the people with him, “while I go preach to my little sisters, the birds.”

And he went into the field and began to preach to the birds on the ground. Those on the trees flew down and all were still and quiet together.

“My little Sisters and Birds,” said Francis, “much do ye owe to God, who made ye. And alway in every place ought ye to praise Him. Ye sow not, nor reap, and God feedeth you and giveth you the streams and fountains for your drink. He giveth you the mountains for your refuge and the high trees whereon to make your nests. And because ye know not how to spin or sew God clotheth you and your children. By this ye may know, your Maker loveth you much. And therefore, my little sisters, seek always to give praises unto God.”

When Francis stopped, all the birds began to open

their beaks and stretch their necks and spread their wings and bow their heads. By their acts and their songs they showed joy at what Francis had said to them. He went on his way wondering at their good heed and sweet friendliness and singing.

V
SEEING

*It is very strange to be
Upside down there in the sea,
That's how I saw the Moon and me,
When I looked in the water.*



© S E E I N G

THE DRAGON FLY

ONE day when a little water baby named Tom was swimming about in a pool he saw sitting under the bank a very ugly, dirty creature, about half as big as himself. It had six legs, and a big stomach, and a most ridiculous head with two great eyes and a face just like a donkey's.

"Oh," said Tom, "you are an ugly fellow to be sure!" and he began making faces at it. And he put his nose close to it, and hallooed at it, like a very rude boy, when, hey presto! All the thing's donkey face came off, and out popped a long arm with a pair of pincers at the end of it, and caught Tom by the nose. It did not hurt him much; but it held him tight.

"Yah, ah! Oh, let me go!" cried Tom.

"Then let me go," said the creature. "I want to be quiet. I want to split."

Tom promised to let it alone and the creature let go. "Why do you want to split?" said Tom.

"Because my brothers and sisters have all split, and turned into beautiful creatures with wings; and I want to split too. Don't speak to me. I am sure I shall split, I will split!"

Tom stood still, and watched it. And the thing swelled itself, and puffed, and stretched itself out stiff, and at last—crack, puff, bang! it opened all down its back, and then up to the top of its head.

And out of its inside came the most slender, elegant, soft creature, as soft and smooth as Tom; but very pale and weak, like a little child who has been ill a long time in a dark room. It moved its legs very feebly. Then it began walking slowly up a grass stem to the top of the water.

Tom was so astonished that he never said a word: but he stared with all his eyes. And he went up to the top of the water too, and peeped out to see what would happen.

As the creature sat in the warm bright sun, a wonderful change came over it. It grew strong and firm. The most lovely colors began to show on its body, blue and yellow and black, spots, bars, and rings. Out of its back rose four great wings of bright brown gauze. And its eyes grew so large that they filled its head, and shone like ten thousand diamonds.

“Oh, you beautiful creature!” said Tom; and he put out his hand to catch it.

But the thing whirred up into the air, and hung poised on its wings a moment, and then settled down again by Tom, quite fearless.

“No!” it said, “you cannot catch me. I am a dragonfly now, the king of all the flies; and I shall dance in the

sunshine, and hawk over the river, and catch gnats, and have a beautiful wife like myself. I know what I shall do. Hurrah!"

And away it flew into the air.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

THE LOST DOLL

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
 And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
 As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
 But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
 As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
 For her paint is all washed away.
And her arm's trodden off by the cows, dears,
 And her hair's not the least bit curled;
Yet for old time's sake, she is still, dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

THE MOON

O MOON, said the children, O Moon, that shineth fair,
Why do you stay so far away, so high above us there?
O Moon, you must be very cold from shining on the sea;
If you would come and play with us, how happy we should be!

O children, said the Moon, I shine above your head,
That I may light the ships at night, when the sun has gone
to bed;

That I may show the beggar-boy his way across the moor,
And bring the busy farmer home to his own cottage-door.

O Moon, said the children, may we shine in your place?
They say that I have sunny hair, and I a sparkling face.
To light the ships and beggar-boys we greatly do desire;
And you might come and warm yourself before the nursery
fire!

O children, said the Moon, we have each allotted parts:
'Tis yours to shine by love divine on happy human hearts;
'Tis mine to make the pathway bright of wanderers that
roam;
'Tis yours to scatter endless light on those that stay at home!

HOW THE FLOWERS KEPT TURNING AROUND

Did you ever see flowers turn around? I don't mean move in the wind, but *turn around*. I could hardly believe my eyes when I first saw them do it. It was when I was a child. I did not really catch them at it. It was done before I noticed it at all. I thought then that they did it at night when I was fast asleep.

Let me tell you about it.

It was a window box of geraniums that did it. My father loved the flowers. So when the cold weather came, he had them brought in from the garden to his sick room, where he lay in bed. I was in the room when the gardener placed them in the sunny south window. They were great big plants with splendid red flowers glowing out from the dark green leaves.

But out in the garden it was potting time. The gardener was digging up and putting into pots all the flowers that must be kept indoors during the winter. I liked to be with him. And so for a few days I thought no more of father's geraniums.

All of a sudden I noticed one morning, when I went into father's room, that the geraniums had turned

their backs on father, and were looking out of the window.

"Father," I cried, "have the geraniums and you quarreled? They look as if they were saying that rude rhyme,

'Speak to my back,
My face is engaged;
I'm a young lady,
And you're an old maid.'

But they're wrong. You are not an old maid; you're a father! Geraniums don't know much, do they, father? I suppose it's because they haven't real heads. Flower heads can't think out things, can they?"

Father laughed, and said, "How about children's heads? Do they know much? Let me see whether a certain child's head—I knew, of course, he meant mine—can find out about my geraniums."

He told me to call the gardener. And he had the gardener turn the box of geraniums so that the flowers and leaves faced in. Then he told me to keep an eye on them.

"See whether those red heads will turn their faces away again," said he. "And see whether those leaves will turn their green backs on me. And if you hear us quarreling," said he, whispering and winking at me, "tell me what it was all about."

At this the gardener gave a great guffaw—that means

a loud laugh—then clapped his hand over his mouth, and went out chuckling.

I sat down at once to watch the geraniums. I kept my eye glued on them while I counted sixty, five times. That, as every child knows, was five whole minutes. But I didn't see them budge.

"They're friends now with you, father," said I, "they will not turn their backs on you again."

"Ha," said my father, "won't they? You'd better watch them. And keep your ears open for that quarrel. That's a bold-looking fellow there in the middle. Keep a sharp watch out on him."

I did while I counted sixty, three times more. They still looked straight at father. So I gave it up for that day.

For, out in the garden it was now bulb time. The gardener was putting down into the earth tulip and hyacinth bulbs. He said they would lie under the snow warm and growing. He said that after the winter had passed they would rise out of the earth and bud and bloom in glory. It was wonderful to hear. So I stayed outdoors a good deal with the gardener. That's how I forgot those geraniums for some days again.

If you'll believe me, when I went into father's room, one morning, I saw they had done it again. They had turned their backs and were looking out of the window.

I couldn't speak with surprise. I looked at father. He was laughing fit to burst his sides.

“You quarreled in the middle of the night!” said I.

“Not unless we did it in a dream,” said he, “I slept as sound as a top. You have always heard how sound that is.”

“You just wait,” said I to those red-headed geraniums. “I’ll find you out yet.”

They had been watered, and the drops still on them sparkled and glistened in the sunshine. It looked to my eyes as if those geraniums were winking and laughing at me. If I could only see their saucy faces!

“Put on your thinking cap,” said my father.

I did, and thought hard.

“Perhaps they like to look out the window,” thought I, aloud.

“You’re getting warm,” said my father. By that I knew I was coming to it. As every child knows, that’s what they say in the game of Hide-the-Thimble, when you go near the hiding-place. But I couldn’t get nearer the geraniums’ secret.

“What do you see streaming in through the window?” asked father.

“Sunshine,” I answered, turning toward him.

I caught such a knowing look on father’s face! But he put it off at once.

“Think that over,” said he, “and you’ll soon be hot and then burning.” That’s from the game again.

In a minute, I cried out, “Ha, ha, I’ve found you out,

you red-headed geraniums. You don't mean to turn your backs on father. You're turning to the l—"

"You're burning!" burst in father, not waiting for me to say "light."

So now I had their secret and they could no longer laugh at me.

ANGELA M. KEYES

Perhaps you too have found out that flowers turn toward the light. Once I planted a ring of sweet Williams around a flower bed. Every flower faced out to catch as much light and sunshine as possible. Once I moved petunias and foxglove over against the fence. Soon every flower had faced out toward the sunshine. You know, of course, how the sunflowers got their name. They follow the sun as if he were their master. He moves across the heavens from sunrise to sunset, and they turn toward him their brown faces framed in yellow locks.

ROMANCE

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
Her masts were of the shining gold,
Her deck of ivory;
And sails of silk, as soft as milk,
And silvern shrouds had she.

And round about her sailing,
The sea was sparkling white,
The waves all clapped their hands and sang
To see so fair a sight.
They kissed her twice, they kissed her thrice,
And murmured with delight.

Then came the gallant captain,
And stood upon the deck;
In velvet coat, and ruffles white,
Without a spot or speck;
And diamond rings, and triple strings
Of pearls around his neck.

And four-and-twenty sailors
Were round him bowing low;
On every jacket three times three
Gold buttons in a row;

And cutlasses down to their knees;
They made a goodly show.

And then the ship went sailing,
A-sailing o'er the sea;
She dived beyond the setting sun,
But never back came she,
For she found the lands of the golden sands,
Where the pearls and diamonds be.

GABRIEL SETOUN

WHAT HAPPENS TO THE FLOWERS IN SUNNY AND IN WET WEATHER

“**D**ID you know,” said the Weather Vane, “that flowers come out in sunny spring weather? And they wear their brightest colors too.”

The children stopped playing and looked up at him.

“That’s just like children,” he cried, facing out to speak to the world, “when they get past being babies some of them turn into boobies. Don’t stand there staring at me stupidly with your mouths open!” cried he, turning back to them. “Why don’t you ask me what they do when it isn’t sunny spring weather?”

“Oh,” said Nan, “were you speaking to us? You hold your head so high we didn’t think you knew we are here.”

“And if you didn’t think I was talking to you, why did you listen? Where are your manners? Tell me that,” cried the Weather Vane. And he whirled about in the wind so fast that the children thought he must fly off the post.

“Well,” said Nan, “of course we know it isn’t polite to listen when grownups talk.”

“Especially if they whisper,” said Ned.

“Or say, ‘Little pitchers have big ears,’ ” said Nell.

"But your voice was so sort of creaky," said Ned.

"Hush!" said Nell; "he won't like that."

"What you said was so interesting," said Nan.

"Well, well, no more about it!" said the Weather Vane. "Let us go on with the conversation." He waited with his head held high.

Nan was a bright child. After a minute she remembered to ask, "What do the flowers do when it isn't sunny spring weather?"

"They go in when it is wet and cold," said the Weather Vane, now in good humor.

"Is this a fairy tale?" asked Ned

"No, it isn't," snapped the Weather Vane. "So of course I don't mean that like boys and girls, or cats and hens, they can walk in and out on two legs or four legs or any legs at all."

"Of course not," said Nan.

"What *do* you mean?" said Ned.

"Use your eyes," said the Weather Vane, sharply, "and you'll soon find out. This is a sunny spring day, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed," cried Nell; "it is beautiful outdoors."

"Then the daisies and buttercups are out. Go over into that field and see for yourself. Every daisy stands up out of the long grass. Its golden heart with the pure white rays coming from it is wide open."

"Ah, I've seen daisies, Mr. Weather Vane," said Nan, "when they looked just as you say. They were so lovely

I had to pick them. But how about the buttercups?" said she.

The Weather Vane was so pleased she knew what to ask that he turned toward her. Ned said the wind blew him around so that he had to go, but what of it? That's a Weather Vane's way of turning.

"Every buttercup, too," said he, "stands straight up and holds wide open a shining gold flower cup."

"I must see that," said Nell, "please, Mr. Weather Vane, don't tell any more till I get back."

Away she went as fast as her legs would carry her.

"I'll go too, if you don't mind being left alone for a little while," said Nan. Ned had already gone.

"Off with you," said the Weather Vane. "I am not lonely. I look out on the world and I have my thoughts."

So Nan too ran off to the field.

Pretty soon back they came, crying, "It is just as you say, Mr. Weather Vane."

"I never saw the clover heads so red and big," said Nell, "they looked open too."

"And my eye!" said Ned, "you should have seen all the winged creatures that rose up from those flowers. I wish I had had a net with me. I could have caught thousands of gnats, blue flies, speckled flies, green flies, yellow jackets. And talk of gorgeous butterflies! I missed my chance, old fellow, without that net."

The Weather Vane made no sign.

"O, Ned, I'm glad the creatures are free," cried Nell and Nan together.

"Perhaps a yellow jacket or two might have done him good," said the Weather Vane, as if to himself. "A warm sting might teach him kindness and better manners." He didn't think it respectful of Ned to call him "old fellow." He turned his back on Ned and spoke only to Nell and Nan. "While you were gone," said he, "I looked at your mother's tulips. They too are out in this sunny weather."

The children turned to look.

"You are right," said Nell, "how you do see things!"

"It gives me a great deal of pleasure," said the Weather Vane. "Do you see those splendid open red tulips streaked with blue? They look to me like glowing goblets held up between cool green hands. Perhaps flower folk living in the brown earth have thrust them up to show what lovely things the earth hides."

"You said this isn't a fairy tale," said Ned. But the Weather Vane kept his back to him as if he had not heard.

"I like the red and yellow tulips best," went on Ned. "My, but they're gay!"

"Oh, do look at mother's pansy bed," cried Nan; "every face looks as if it were smiling out at a leafy doorway."

"Yes, it does," said the Weather Vane, in a pleased tone. It was plain he liked Nan.

"The pansies are wearing their handsomest yellow and purple velvets, too," said Nell. "I wonder whether flowers put on their loveliest colors when they expect visitors? We do, you know."

"Huh!" said Ned, "what an idea! What visitors would flowers have?"

"There go two yellow butterflies now into those big red clovers," cried the Weather Vane, turning around just in time to see them. "Perhaps they are flower visitors."

"And before they go the clovers give them honey, instead of ice-cream, as mamma gives her visitors," said Nell. "Isn't it fun to think the butterflies are calling on the clovers?"

"I suppose you'll be saying next that because they fly through the air when they go calling, they go in air ships," said Ned. "There would be some fun in thinking that."

"Oh, Ned, how splendid!" said Nell, clapping her hands. "Don't you wish you were a light little elf man and could get aboard?"

"I see hundreds of air ships flying from flower to flower in that field," cried Ned. "What fun if they should bump into one another!" He was so excited that he shouted as if the others were deaf.

"Sh!" said Nan; "Mr. Weather Vane is trying to make himself heard."

"Fire away, old pal," said Ned.

"It's a pity," said the Weather Vane, turning his back again on Ned, "that the yellow jacket hadn't a chance at that boy."

"In cold wet weather," said he to Nell and Nan, "you will see a great change in the flowers. Watch for it. Good morning."

"Good morning," at once answered Nan, politely. But she waited for him to go on. So did Nell and Ned. Not another word did the Weather Vane say.

"Perhaps I should ask a question," said Nan. And she did. "What change comes over the flowers in cold wet weather?" said she.

But the Weather Vane said never a word.

"Stuck up thing!" said Ned, spitefully.

"Sh!" said Nell; "I suppose he means the conversation is over."

"Yes, and he wants us to find out something for ourselves," said Nan. "That's just as if it were a secret. And it's always better fun to find out secrets than to be told them."

The Weather Vane turned at once toward Nan as if he agreed with her. But he spoke no word.

So the children left him to his thoughts.

Well, whether the wind made it up with the Weather Vane or not, no one knows. But the very next day was cold and wet. Sure enough, in went the flowers.

The children saw it plainly. They themselves had to stay indoors, but from the front window they could look

out on the garden, and from the side window, on the field. The Weather Vane was outdoors at his post, pointing east. And he saw it too.

In field and garden the flowers no longer stood forth gaily in their brightest colors. Buttercups and daisies bent on their slender stalks and drew themselves together. The pansies drooped and shrank and pulled together their velvet gowns.

"And O, Nell," cried Ned, "there are no air ships taking callers from flower to flower."

"No," said Nell, "perhaps it is too wet for the callers to be out."

"Huh! what an idea," cried Ned; "I wonder you don't say it is a pity little elf men don't sell them umbrellas."

"Oh, oh," cried Nell, dancing about, "wouldn't that be fun! I suppose toadstools would be too heavy."

"What in the world are you children talking about?" asked their mother. "It sounds like a charming story."

"Dear mother," said Nan, "it's about how flowers come out in their brightest colors in sunny warm weather and go in when it is cold and wet. The Weather Vane told us about it."

"Yes," cried Nell, "and how gnats and flies and bees and butterflies go calling on the flowers."

"In air ships," shouted Ned. "Don't forget that."

"Well, of course, mother," said Nan, "that's only Nell and Ned's fun. But see! the flowers have gone in to-

day and there are no insects flying into them to sip their honey."

Then their mother told them a very interesting thing about flowers. She said that when the flowers open wide in their brightest colors in sunny warm weather, the insects see them and fly in to get the honey. But the insects carry off something else besides honey. It is a fine golden dust called pollen. It falls on the insect as he drinks. Away it goes with him to the next flower. Here it may help to ripen a new seed. By and by this new seed will take root or be planted. And lo, soon it springs up into another flower.

"It's wonderful, isn't it, mother," said Nan.

"But hear the rest of it," answered her mother. "In cold wet weather the insects stay at home. The flowers can send no pollen by them. So it is just as well, isn't it, that they go in? Besides, the rain or cold might harm them."

"Who'd think flowers had such sense!" said Fred.

"I think it is God who is wise," said Nan.

Her mother kissed her. It was plain she as well as the Weather Vane thought Nan a good child.

Well, the next day was bright and sunny again. As soon as they were up the children sought out the Weather Vane. They did most of the talking this time, and he asked the right question.

When he heard what their mother had told them about the flowers and insects, he too said it was wonderful.

“It fills me with thoughts,” said he.
They took this as a hint for them to go. So they went.
And that was the very end of this conversation.

ANGELA M. KEYES

THE PEDLAR'S CARAVAN

I WISH I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive, like a pedlar-man!
Where he comes from nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes!

His caravan has windows two,
And a chimney of tin, that the smoke comes through;
He has a wife, with a baby brown,
And they go riding from town to town.

Chairs to mend, and delf to sell!
He clashes the basins like a bell;
Tea-trays, baskets ranged in order,
Plates with the alphabet round the border!

The roads are brown, and the sea is green,
But his house is just like a bathing-machine;
The world is round, and he can ride,
Rumble and splash, to the other side!

With the pedlar-man I should like to roam,
And write a book when I came home;
All the people would read my book,
Just like the travels of Captain Cook!

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

WHAT I SAW A SPARROW DO

ONE morning I saw a mother sparrow teaching her young one to fly.

The young one was sitting close to the ground, with his eyes on his mother. The mother flew a little way and looked back at the youngster. He fluttered his wings and flew to her. How proud the mother was! She held her small head high. Her plumage at once looked sleeker, and her bright eyes shone.

Then while the young one rested she began to bustle about with a motherly air. She hopped along the ground, glancing this way and that searching for something. Down she dipped her head and she had in her beak what looked like a grass seed. Over she flew to the little one and placed it in his beak. When the young one had eaten it the mother took another flight and the young one spread his weak wings and followed.

I kept very quiet, not to interrupt the lesson and to get as near as possible to mother and pupil. I don't think the mother would have stopped to notice me anyway. So I got near enough to see a good deal.

I saw that the mother was content to fly close to the ground. I saw that the young bird had to make a great

effort to make his wings carry him. When he stopped to rest I saw that he let his wings droop. Best of all, I saw the mother actually put the food into the young one's beak. It looked as if she were kissing as well as feeding him.

The lesson went on. Soon the young one did so well that the mother tried him with a longer flight. She flew across the trolley car tracks, clear over to the other side of the street. After her went the little one. But all the practice had tired him, and his wings gave out just as he reached the third track.

Down the track came a car! "Alas! for the little one," thought I, "and alas! for the loving mother." I looked about for her. She was nowhere to be seen. On came the car, and there lay huddled the helpless little bird.

Just as I was rushing over to try to save him, the mother flew back past him. The little one followed her at once, and was safe.

Do you not hope with me that the careful little mother will teach him so well how to make his way in the world that no yellow-eyed stealthy cat will ever get him?

THE BLIND BOY

O, SAY, what is that thing called Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see;
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Make either day or night?

My day and night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play,
And could I always keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know

Then let not what I cannot have
My peace of mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king;
Although a poor blind boy!

COLLEY CIBBER

HOW THE WIND GAVE A PRIZE FOR BIRDS' NESTS

“THIS that I am going to tell you isn’t all true,” said Ann to three small listeners with eyes as big and round as saucers, “but there’s some truth in it. I’ve put in things I’ve seen with my own eyes—you know I’ve been everywhere from the top of the apple tree to the bottom of the dry pond—but I’ve made up things, too.”

The saucer-eyed listeners said no word, so as not to delay the story. What did they care about how she had made it. The story was the thing. So they waited in silence, to hear it sooner.

“One day,” said Ann, “the Wind decided to give a prize to the bird who had built the best and most beautiful house.

“I must open my eyes wide to find some of the nests,” said he, “but that shouldn’t be hard for me. I can go through the leafiest tree and under the most covered-up hole.”

“So he began blowing up and blowing down and blowing in and blowing out, with his eyes wide open. The birds knew nothing about it.

"He began at a robin's nest. It was easy to find, far out on the branch of a big old apple tree.

"'H-m!' said he, looking at it, 'it looks rather roughly made. It's plastered with mud, too, instead of with good sticky clay. Why, I could easily shake that nest down and break it apart. It's well I came in gently. The builder of this nest will not get the prize.'

"As he blew off he saw a tiny bird hop into a little house perched on the top of a pole. It was a very pretty little house indeed with a pointed roof and two round windows in front."

"It's the wren's house that father made," broke in one of the saucer-eyed listeners. "Perhaps it will get the prize," said she, hopefully.

"But the Wind would not even stop to look inside," went on Ann, as if no one had spoken. "He said he could tell by its looks it was man-made and not bird-made. So it would not be fair to give it the prize."

"How is a bird to take the chance of a better home if that's what you think!" said the same saucer-eyed listener. But Ann let her talk.

"Keeping his eyes on the watch the Wind next noticed a hole in a tree trunk. The edge looked so round and even that he saw at once some bird had made it.

"Of course it had," said the same saucer-eyed listener, "and the bird was a woodpecker." But Ann let her talk.

"'Now this bird,' said he to himself, 'is a skillful carpenter. I suppose he used his beak as a chisel.'

“He blew in at the round doorway and through the round passage. Inside he found a pear-shaped hole lined with small soft chips.

“‘He’s a bird with a head on his shoulders. He sees how to make use of his material,’ said the Wind. ‘I’ll certainly keep him in mind.’ With that he blew out again and away.

“Next he passed by a steep mud bank pierced with small holes. He didn’t see a single nest, when, out from the holes flew the last of the young swallows still in them.

“‘Well, well, well,’ said the Wind, in greater wonder, ‘who’d ever think those holes are nests?’

“He blew into several. After going in about two feet he came to the nests of twigs, grass, and feathers.

“‘Very safe and snug,’ said he. ‘And how hard the birds must have worked to dig out these long passages and then carry in soft bedding for the nestlings. It shows what love can do!’

“Well, after this surprise, the Wind kept his eyes open for a nest almost anywhere. As he blew over a chimney he saw the chimney swift’s. It looked like a wicker cradle hanging from the bricks. It was firmly glued together and more firmly glued to the bricks.

“Ah, this is up-to-date,” said the Wind. “I must certainly keep this in mind. There is not much fear of accident now from fire or smoke in the chimney. The fires are out for the spring and summer. And the nest

will of course be empty later on. I'll certainly keep this in mind."

"Have you been up on the chimney to see a chimney swift's nest, Ann?" asked the same saucer-eyed listener, as if she didn't believe it.

But Ann let her talk.

"Well, the Wind kept his eyes open and saw many more nests. He was very much taken with the chipping sparrow's. It was cup-shaped, and lined with dark, soft horsehair. He was more taken with the goldfinch's. It was as soft as fleece inside for the tender little nestlings; the mother bird had lined it with thistle down."

"Who won the prize?" asked another of the saucer-eyed listeners. She had not spoken before. "This lasts too long."

"Yes," said the one who had broken in so often. "Nothing happens in it at all. It's a very poor story. Nothing about breaking eggs or little nestlings sticking out their heads. You might have made it much more interesting."

"It's too bad you don't like it," cried Ann.

"Go on with it, any way, and let us hear who got the prize," said the one who had not yet spoken.

"By this time," said Ann, "the prize lies between an oriole, and a humming bird. As the Wind went rushing along now, for it was getting late in the day, he knocked against a pouch hanging from a high branch.

The pouch didn't fall to the ground. It was an oriole's nest.

"'It is strong as well as light,' said the Wind, admiringly. It was made of fine grasses, strips, hair, down, all matted flat together.

"But the humming bird's nest was daintier. It was the most exquisite thing the Wind had seen that day. It was so small he almost missed it. As he looked at it, he said, 'That's the prettiest, the softest, the loveliest nest, I've seen to-day.'

"So the Wind gave the humming bird the prize."

"What was the prize?" asked that same troublesome listener.

"It was good children," snapped Ann. And she looked straight into those saucer-eyes. "That humming bird had the most polite birdlings of the season. The Wind sang their lullabies and made them good before they had a chance to grow up into rude little interrupters."

"What a story!" cried the interrupter.
That's how she had the last word.

WATCHING A FLY

BABY Bye,
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I.

How he crawls
Up the walls,
Yet he never falls!

I believe with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs.

There he goes
On his toes,
Tickling baby's nose.

Spots of red
Dot his head;
Rainbows on his back are spread;
That small speck
Is his neck;
See him nod and beck.

I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes,—
Three small pairs,
Made of hairs;
These he always wears.

Black and brown
Is his gown;

He can wear it upside down;
It is laced
Round his waist;
I admire his taste.

Yet though tight his clothes are made,
He will lose them, I'm afraid,
If to-night
He gets sight
Of the candle-light.

In the sun
Webs are spun;
What if he gets into one?
When it rains
He complains
On the window-panes.

Tongue to talk have you and I;
God has given the little fly
No such things,
So he sings
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat
Bread and meat;
There's his mouth between his feet.
On his back
Is a sack
Like a pedlar's pack.

Does the baby understand?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand;
 Put a crumb
 On her thumb,
 Maybe he will come.

Catch him? No,
Let him go,
Never hurt an insect so;
 But no doubt
 He flies out
 Just to gad about.

Now you see wings of silk
Drabbled in the baby's milk;
 Fie, oh fie,
 Foolish fly!
 How will he get dry?

All wet flies
Twist their thighs,
Thus they wipe their heads and eyes;
 Cats, you know,
 Wash just so,
 Then their whiskers grow.

Flies have hairs too short to comb,
So they fly bareheaded home;
 But the gnat
 Wears a hat,
 Do you believe that?

THE FIVE SENSES

Flies can see
More than we.
See how bright their eyes must be!

Little fly,
Ope your eye;
Spiders are near by.

For a secret I can tell,—
Spiders never use flies well.

Then away!
Do not stay.
Little fly, good-day!

ANON

WHAT CAME INTO THE GARDEN

THE children loved to be out in the garden. It was an old-fashioned garden full of nasturtiums and sweet William, and black-eyed Susan and bachelor's buttons, all growing together. Tall hollyhocks mounted guard behind them, and, when the wind blew, bent down to be friendly. Honey bees in black and yellow velvet jackets came booming into it over the rocky wall covered with trumpet vine. The sun shone broad on it, yet there were shady spots for the children. The flowers filled it with sweet smells. It was a beautiful place to be. So the children spent long mornings in it.

One morning a lovelier thing than the handsomest honey bee came into the garden. The children didn't see it come; their heads were bent over a story book they were reading. But, as they looked up to think over the story, they saw something dazzling. It was bronze green and red.

"Look, Alice!" cried Frank, in a loud whisper; "isn't he a beauty?"

"Hu-sh!" whispered Anna, "you'll frighten him away."

The children kept as still as mice and spoke in whispers.

"What can it be?" said Anna. "It looks like a jewel flashing in the sun. But it is alive and it has wings. And, O, see that crimson spot at its throat!"

"It's a bird, of course," said Frank, "although it isn't much bigger than a butterfly."

"I don't know," said Anna, "there it is now over at the trumpet vine. I think it is sucking the flowers as if it were an insect. Do you notice that it doesn't rest on anything as it drinks?"

"Yes," said Alice; "it's wonderful, isn't it? The bees must find a landing place on the flower, but it is so light it can feed on the wing."

"It is dancing on the air," cried Anna, "I don't think it is a bird at all."

"It looks like a bit of live motion," said Frank, "but for all that it is a bird."

"I think it is the winged fairy of life that has come into our garden," said Alice. "Perhaps it has come to tell the flowers they are to bloom again next spring."

"I wish Joe, the Bird Wizard, would come along," said Anna; "he'd settle the question. Look! whatever it is, there it goes off into the wide world."

It was gone in a second.

"It may come back," said Alice; "let us stay here quite still."

Pretty soon who should come hobbling up the road but lame Joe, the Bird Wizard. The children ran to tell

him all about the wonderful thing that came into their garden.

"You say it isn't much bigger than a butterfly?" asked he.

"Yes," said Fred, "but it has feathers and wings."

"Beautiful shining bronze green feathers," cried Anna, "and a bright red spot at its throat."

"Ha!" said the Bird-Wizard, "a ruby spot at its throat."

"Oh, Joe," cried Frank, "you are only teasing us. Of course you know what bird it is."

"Had it a beak?" asked Joe.

"I don't—" said Alice.

"It had," broke in Anna.

"Yes," said Frank, "a long pointed beak like a needle that it thrust up into the flower trumpets."

"Ha!" said the Wizard, "and so it was the trumpet flowers it sucked. They're not white now, are they?"

"They're red and orange color, and you know it," cried Anna. "If you don't tell us at once, we'll call you Joe, the Teaser, and not Joe, the Bird Wizard."

"Easy now, easy now," whispered Joe, "or you'll scare the bonny bird away."

"Oh, Joe, where is it?" whispered Alice. "Has it come back into the garden?"

The children were now all eyes, as quiet as mice.

"Clap your eyes on that scarlet runner shading the

back porch," said Joe. "Now he's away to that bed of nasturtiums beyond."

"Now he's back at the trumpet vine," cried Fred.

"He likes orange and red flowers, doesn't he Joe?" asked Anna.

"You've a head on your shoulders," said Joe, patting the head. "That he does. Watch him; he can do something a bee cannot."

"I know what it is," cried Alice, "he can sip the honey as he dances on the air."

"Yes, and something else," said Joe. "Those trumpet flowers hang down, don't they?"

"But it makes no difference to him," cried Fred. "He places himself below them and sticks his bill up into them. Is that it?"

"Not all of it," said Joe. "I'll tell you the rest. No matter whether the tubes twist and turn inside, he can twist and turn his tongue to clean out the sweet honey. Bees must put their tongues out straight."

"Don't you think he looks like the fairy of life flashing from flower to flower," asked Alice.

"Well, in one way he is a fairy of life," said the Wizard. "As he sips the honey, the flower's pollen dust falls on him. Away he goes with it to another flower. And there it may help to ripen a seed. You all know that a seed has in it the life of a new plant. Look! off he goes now feasted on honey, bearing the flower's pollen dust."

"And now for the name of the lovely creature, you dear Joe, the Bird Wizard," coaxed Anna.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Joe, "so that you may greet the bonny bird the next time he wings this way. From the crimson spot at its throat, some call him the Ruby Throat."

"What a beautiful name," cried the children.

"Did you hear him hum?" asked Joe, with a twinkle in his eye.

"How could we, when we didn't get near enough?" said Fred.

"Well, others call him the Humming Bird," said Joe. "And some put the two together and call him the Ruby-Throated Humming Bird."

"That's what we'll do," said Alice.

"But not for short," said Anna.

"No, for short," said Fred, "he's the Humming Bird."

So now the children knew. And while they went indoors to tell their mother they let Joe hobble on his way. Perhaps he went home to his queer hut to fish out the tiny empty nest of a humming bird—he would not touch one with eggs in it—to show it to them when next he passed their garden.

ANGELA M. KEYES

THE LAMPLIGHTER

MY tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at teatime and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light;
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

SEEING SQUIRRELS

ONE day in the park I saw a man feed the squirrels. He was sitting on a bench near some oak trees. His pockets were stuffed out with nuts.

The man made a clucking sound in his throat. After a minute or two down the trunk of an oak tree stole a little red squirrel. When he reached the ground he sat up on his haunches with his ears cocked for the sound.

The man made it again. The little red squirrel stole forward and again sat up motionless to listen. The call came again and the squirrel went a little nearer. When the squirrel was near enough, the man held out a peanut. After waiting a moment, the squirrel darted up the man's leg, snapped up the nut, and made off with it.

But he didn't go far. He faced around and sat up on his haunches, took the nut between his paws, cracked the soft shell with his teeth, and nibbled the sweet fruit.

He was back again for another and another. And so were his brothers and sisters and cousins.

Some days later I came upon the same man feeding the squirrels. And this time, one red fellow had his nose in the man's pocket, and a bright-eyed saucy brother sat up on the man's knee, nibbling away at a nut.

Did you ever see a squirrel fly? It isn't real flying. But every squirrel can do a little of it. This is one reason squirrels are not afraid to leap down from a high to a low branch or from tree to tree. If they find they haven't leaped far enough they can spread out their furry bodies on the air and fly the rest of the way. The squirrel called the *flying-squirrel* does this best. It is hard to catch him at it because he usually flies at night.

You may be lucky enough some day to see a squirrel sleeping. Tiptoe up very softly, and you may see that he has used his tail as a cloak to wrap about him.

As the cold weather comes on, you will see the squirrels very busy storing away nuts for the winter, in the hollow trunks of the trees, where they have their winter homes. If you watch them closely you will see that the gray squirrels carry away the nuts between their teeth. Their mouths have no pockets.

Mr. Thoreau, a man who taught his eyes to see what goes on in streams and fields and trees, saw how the squirrels get at the seeds in pine cones. (In winter the hardy little red squirrel can make a meal on these.)

The stripping of a pine cone, says Mr. Thoreau, is a business the squirrel understands perfectly. He has the key to this chest of many apartments. He does not prick his fingers, nor catch his whiskers, nor gnaw the hard

solid cone any more then he needs to. He takes the cone in his hands, and whirls it bottom upward. Then he begins to cut through the scales where they are thin and soft. Each stroke of his chisel-like teeth lays bare a couple of seeds. He strips the cone so fast, twirling it as he goes, that you cannot tell how he does it, unless you drive him off and look at his finished work.

The squirrels know something else. Look at the holes they make in the shells of nuts and you will see that they know just where to get at the meat. Do you? Look at the outside of a hickory nut and see whether you can tell. Can you tell by the outside of a butternut? The squirrels can.

The best time to see the squirrels is after the birds have gone, in the fall. Then the squirrels have their time to frolic and frisk and work. And of course the best place to see them is the park and woods. You may find red ones, gray ones, and perhaps, but not often, a black one.

SEEING CHIPMUNKS

“WHEN you see a chipmunk you see a sign of spring,” says Mr. Burroughs, the Nature Wizard. He comes up out of his burrow deep in the ground or out of his den under the rocks in March. You may see him running along the fences or perched on a log or rock near his hole in the woods.

Did you ever notice how a chipmunk sits up with his hands spread out on his breast? His heart beats fast as he watches you.

A chipmunk keeps the place neat around his house. When he digs his hole he does not leave even a grain of loose soil about.

“Only once,” says Mr. Burroughs, “have I seen a pile of earth before a chipmunk’s den. That was when the builder had begun his house late in November, and was too much hurried to remove this ugly mark from before his den. I used to pass his place every morning in my walk, and my eye always fell upon that little pile of red freshly dug soil. I used to surprise the small squirrel furnishing his house, carrying in dry leaves of the maple and plane trees. He would seize a large leaf and with both hands stuff it into his cheek pockets, and then carry it into his den.”

The wood folk seem to know when you intend them no harm. Hear Mr. Burroughs tell about a bold little chipmunk.

"I had paused to bathe my hands and face in a little brook, and had set a tin cup partly filled with strawberries on a stone at my feet. Along came a chipmunk, cocked himself up on the rim of the cup, and began to eat my choicest berries. I did not move but watched him. He had eaten but two when he looked as if he thought he might be doing better, and he began to fill his pockets. Two, four, six, eight of my berries quickly disappeared and the cheeks of the little vagabond swelled. And all the time he kept eating. Then he hopped off the cup, and went skipping from stone to stone across the brook, and off into the woods.

"In two or three minutes he was back again, and went to stuffing himself as before. Away he went a second time, and I suppose told a friend of his, for in a moment or two along came a bobtailed chipmunk, as if in search of something, but he did not find it. Shortly after back came the first a third time, and now began to sort over my berries, and to bite into them, as if to taste them before choosing. He was not long in loading up, and in making off again. But as my berries were all going I moved away with them."

The little thief came and went by a different way each time. Was this to escape pursuit? Or was he surprising all his friends with strawberries?

WHAT CAME OF IT

“**N**OW I must be lost in the ground,” said the Seed as he went into the earth. “But perhaps that is best.”

And it was.

The Seed took root in the ground and the ground fed it. Soon it sent up a tiny green shoot. The falling rain watered it and the sun shone on it. It looked forth from the ground. After a while it began to climb. Each day it grew larger and climbed higher. By and by buds appeared hidden among the leaves, like promises of things to come.

At last one morning the vine burst into flower, rich blue and spotless white, a morning glory.

And it gave joy to you and me.

ANGELA M. KEYES

SEEING RABBITS

SOME people look at the ground and see things others do not. A man told Mr. Burroughs that a wild rabbit had made its home in the ground near the man's house. He took Mr. Burroughs out to see it.

"There it is," said he, pointing to a withered spot of grass.

"I see no rabbit nor any sign of a rabbit," said Mr. Burroughs, though as you know, he can see better than most people. But he goes on to tell: "The man lifted up the blanket of dried up grass and there was one of the prettiest sights. Four or five little rabbits, half the size of chipmunks, lay cuddled down in a dry fur-lined nest. They did not move or wink, and their ears were pressed down close to their heads. My neighbor let the coverlet fall back, and they were hidden again as by magic.

"There was no opening into the nest; the mat of dried grass covered it completely. The mother, in her visits to them, must have lifted it and crept beneath."

A RIDDLE

(A Book)

I'm new, and I'm old,
I'm often in tatters,
And oft decked with gold.
Though I never could read,
Yet lettered I'm found;
Though blind, I enlighten,
Though loose, I am bound,
I'm always in black,
And I'm always in white;
I'm grave and I'm gay,
I am heavy and light—
In form too I differ,—
I'm thick and I'm thin,
I've no flesh and no bones,
Yet I'm covered with skin;
I'm English, I'm German,
I'm French, and I'm Dutch,
Some love me too fondly,
Some slight me too much;
I often die soon,
Though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive
Has so many pages.

HANNAH MORE

THE SHADOWS

ALL up and down in shadow-town
The shadow children go;
In every street you're sure to meet
Them running to and fro.

They move around without a sound,
They play at hide-and-seek,
But no one yet that I have met
Has ever heard them speak.

Beneath the tree you often see
Them dancing in and out,
And in the sun there's always one
To follow you about.

Go where you will, he follows still,
Or sometimes runs before,
And, home at last, you'll find him fast
Beside you at the door.

A faithful friend is he to lend
His presence everywhere;
Blow out the light—to bed at night—
Your shadow-mate is there!

Then he will call the shadows all
 Into your room to leap,
And such a pack! they make it black,
 And fill your eyes with sleep!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

WHAT I SAW A WASP DO

ONE September day Mary and I were lying quietly on the salt sand, when we saw a wasp at work. The wasp looked as if she were standing on her head, biting with her jaws, and cutting a little circle in the crust. When she had it all cut, she tugged and buzzed until she dug up unbroken the little round piece, about one-third of an inch across. She dragged this about three inches away. Then she went back to the spot, and dug out with her sharp jaws a tiny bit of soil. Holding this in her mouth she flew away about a foot and dropped it. Then she came back, dug out another bit, carried it away a foot or so, and dropped it. And so on. It was plain she was digging out a little hole, or burrow.

As the hole got deeper, she had to crawl down into it, head first. It grew so deep that at last not only the head and forelegs, but body, long legs, wings, and all, went in. She had to come out of the hole of course to carry away each bit of dug-up soil. She always backed up out of the burrow. And all the while she was digging she kept up a low humming sound.

When the hole was deep enough—and it took a pretty long time, for she made it about three inches deep—she

brought back the first little bit of crust. She put it carefully over the top of the burrow, and her hole was gone, as if no hole were there at all! Then she flew away.

Mary and I waited, but so long that we almost gave her up.

At last back she came. But she was not empty handed, or, as I should say, empty mouthed! In her jaws she held a limp measuring-worm about an inch and a quarter long.

"See," cried Mary, "she is going to put the measuring-worm into her hole."

And she did. How she could tell where the hole was was surprising. But she went straight to the right place.

Mary was growing excited. "See, she has put the worm down and is prying up the cover of the hole. She has it off! She is—"

"Ss-h," said I, "wasps fly away when you talk too loudly."

Mary "Ssh"-ed, but she pointed a finger trembling with excitement. The wasp had gone down into the hole with the worm. Then she backed out, found the lid, covered up the hole, and flew away again into the weeds.

In twenty minutes she was back, *with another limp measuring-worm*—straight to the covered hole, worm dropped on the ground, lid taken off, worm dragged in, wasp backed out, lid put on. And off she was again.

O this was exciting! Mary fairly exploded into questions. What are the worms for? Are they dead? Will

she bring more? Will she fill the hole full of worms?

Three times more the wasp brought worms. And three times more she put them in, in the same way. But the last time she didn't come up for a long time. And when she did come, instead of putting on the cover, she got a bit of soil and dropped it on, then another and another, and many others. Sometimes she scraped the bits in with her front feet. She worked busily, making little buzzing leaps and flights, until she had quite filled up the hole.

Then she did the most wonderful thing. With her forefeet she pawed and raked the surface until it was smooth. And with her jaws and horny head she pressed down the fine bits of soil until they were a little below the level. Then she brought again the little cover, and placed it carefully in the hollow. It fitted perfectly.

By and by Mary and I found out what it all meant. The worms were not dead, only stung numb. On one of them there was a shining white speck. "It's the egg!" cried Mary, "it's the egg of the wasp! And the worms are the food for the young wasp when it hatches."

For days and weeks together the wasp grub will nibble away on the worms, until all are eaten alive! Then the grub will change to a winged wasp. And with her jaws she will dig her way out into the free air and sunlight.

FROM VERNON L. KELLOGG

THE MONTHS: A PAGEANT

Here is something your parents or schoolmates would enjoy seeing during the fall or winter holidays. The little ones among you will know how to play birds and lambs.

If you wish you may put in a Maypole procession and dance with May, and a harvest dance with August. It is from

THE MONTHS:

A Pageant

by

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Players

BOYS

JANUARY
MARCH
JULY
AUGUST
OCTOBER
DECEMBER

GIRLS

FEBRUARY
APRIL
MAY
JUNE
SEPTEMBER
NOVEMBER

Robin redbreasts; Lambs and Sheep; Nightingale and Nestlings.

Scene: A Cottage with its Grounds.

(A room in the cottage; a fire burning on the hearth. January seated by the fire.)

JANUARY

Cold the day and cold the drifted snow, (Stirs the fire)
Crackle, sparkle, fagot; embers glow:
Some one may be plodding through the snow
Longing for a light,
For the light that you and I can show.

If no one else should come
Here Robin Readbreast's welcome to a crumb,
And never troublesome:
Robin, why don't you come and fetch your crumb?

Here's butter for my hunch of bread,
And sugar for your crumb;
Here's room upon the hearthrug,
If you'll only come.

In your scarlet waistcoat,
With your keen bright eye,
Where are you loitering?
Wings were made to fly!

(Two Robin Redbreasts are seen tapping with their beaks at the lattice. January opens it. The birds flutter in. They hop about the floor and peck up the crumbs and sugar thrown to them. A knock is heard at the door. January opens to February. The birds flutter out. February has a bunch of snowdrops in her hand.)

JANUARY

Good-morrow, sister.

FEBRUARY

Brother, joy to you!

I've brought some snowdrops; only just a few,
But quite enough to prove the world awake,
Cheerful and hopeful in the frosty dew.

(She hands a few of her snowdrops to January, who goes off, making them up into a pretty bunch. While February stands arranging the snowdrops in a glass of water on the window-sill, a soft butting and bleating are heard outside. She opens the door, and sees a lamb, with other sheep and lambs bleating and crowding towards her.)

FEBRUARY

O come—come in,
You woolly soft white lamb:
You panting mother ewe, come too,
And lead that tottering twin
Safe in:
Bring all your bleating kith and kin,
Except the horny ram.

(February opens a door at the back, and the little flock files through into a warm sheltered place out of sight.)

(A rattling of doors and windows. Branches are seen without, tossing to and fro.)

FEBRUARY

How the doors rattle, and the branches sway!
Here's brother March comes whirling on his way
With winds that eddy and sing.

(She turns the handle of the door. It bursts open. March whirls in, both hands full of violets and anemones.)

FEBRUARY

Come, show me what you bring;
For I have said my say,
And must away.

MARCH

(At the threshold)

I blow an arouse
Through the world's wide house
To quicken the numbéd earth:
Grappling I fling
Each feeble thing,
But bring strong life to the birth.

I drive ocean ashore
With rush and roar,
And he cannot say me nay:
My harpstrings all
Are the forests tall,
Making music when I play.

I wrestle and frown,
And topple down;
I wrench, I rend, I uproot;
Yet the violet
Is born where I set
The sole of my flying foot,

And in my wake
Frail wind-flowers quake,
And the catkins promise fruit.

(He hands violets and anemones to February, who strolls away smelling them.)

(Before March has done speaking, a voice is heard coming, with a twittering of birds. April comes along singing, and stands outside and out of sight to finish her song.)

APRIL

(Outside)

Pretty little three
Sparrows in a tree,
 Light upon the wing;
 Though you cannot sing
 You can chirp of Spring:
Chirp of Spring to me,
Sparrows, from your tree.

Never mind the showers,
Chirp about the flowers
 While you build a nest:
 Straws from east and west,
 Feathers from your breast,
Make the snuggest bowers
In a world of flowers.

You must dart away
From the chosen spray,
 You intrusive third,
 Extra little bird:
 Join the unwedded herd!
These have done with play,
And must work to-day.

APRIL

(At the open door)

Good-morrow and good-bye: if others fly,
Of all the flying months you're the most flying.

MARCH

You're hope and sweetness, April.

APRIL

I've a rainbow in my showers,
And a lap full of flowers,
And these dear nestlings aged three hours;
And here's their mother sitting,
Their father's merely flitting
To find their breakfast somewhere in my bowers.

(As she speaks April shows March her apron full of flowers and nest full of birds. March wanders away into the grounds. April hangs over the hungry nestlings watching them.)

APRIL

What beaks you have, you funny things,
What voices shrill and weak;
Who'd think that anything that sings
Could sing through such a beak?
Yet you'll be nightingales one day,
And charm the country-side,
When I'm away and far away
And May is queen and bride.

(May arrives unseen by April, and gives her a kiss. April starts and looks around.)

APRIL

Ah May, good-morrow, May, and so good-bye.

MAY

I've gathered flowers all as I came along,
At every step a flower
Fed by your last bright shower,—

(She divides an armful of all sorts of flowers with April.)

MAY

Here are my buds of lily and of rose,
And here's my namesake-blossom, may;
And from a watery spot
See here forget-me-not,
With all that blows
To-day.

(April strolls away through the garden. As she goes bird calls are heard.)

MAY

Hark to my linnets from the hedges green,
Blackbird and lark and thrush and dove,
And every nightingale
And cuckoo tells its tale,
And all they mean
Is love.

(June from the end of the garden comes toward May. May catches sight of her.)

MAY

Surely you're come too early, sister June.

JUNE

Yet come I must. So here are strawberries
Sun-flushed and sweet, as many as you please;
And here are full-blown roses by the score,
More roses, and yet more.

(May, eating strawberries, goes off among the flower beds.)

JUNE

The sun does all my long day's work for me,
Raises and ripens everything;
I need but sit beneath a leafy tree
And watch and sing.

(Seats herself in the shadow of a tree.)

Or if I'm lulled by note of bird and bee,
Or lulled by noontide's silence deep,
I need but nestle down beneath my tree
And drop asleep.

(June falls asleep. July, out of sight, is heard half singing, half calling.)

JULY

(Behind the scenes)

Blue flags, yellow flags, flags all freckled,
Which will you take? yellow, blue, speckled!
Take which you will, speckled, blue, yellow,
Each in its way has not a fellow.

(July comes along with a basket of many-colored irises slung upon his shoulders, a bunch of ripe grass in one hand, and a plate piled full of peaches on the other. He steals up to June and tickles her with the grass. June wakes.)

JUNE

What, here already?

JULY

The longest day slipped by you while you slept:
I've brought you one curved pyramid of bloom,

(Hands her the plate.)

Not flowers, but peaches, gathered where the bees,
As downy, bask and boom
In sunshine and in gloom of trees.

But get you in, a storm is at my heels;
The whirlwind whistles and wheels,
Lightning flashes and thunder peals,
Flying and following hard upon my heels.

(June takes shelter in an arbor.)

JULY

The roar of a storm sweeps up
From the east to the lurid west,
The darkening sky, like a cup,
Is filled with rain to the brink;

The sky is purple and fire,
Blackness and noise and unrest;
The earth, parched with desire,
Opens her mouth to drink.

Pour out drink to her thirst,
Her famishing life lift up;

Make thyself fair as at first,
With a rainbow for thy crest.

(August comes, with a sheaf of different kinds of grain.)

JULY

Hail, brother August, flushed and warm
And scatheless from my storm.
Your hands are full of corn, I see,
As full as hands can be:
And earth and air both smell as sweet as balm
In their recovered calm,
And that they owe to me.

(July goes into a shrubbery.)

AUGUST

Wheat sways heavy, oats are airy,
Barley bows a graceful head,
Short and small shoots up canary,
Each of these is some one's bread;
Bread for man or bread for beast,
Or at very least
A bird's savory feast.

Men are brethren of each other,
One in flesh and one in food;
And a sort of foster brother
Is the litter, or the brood,
Of that folk in fur or feather,
Who, with men together,
Breast the wind and weather.

(August sees September toiling across the lawn.)

AUGUST

My harvest home is ended; and I spy
September drawing nigh
With the first thought of Autumn in her eye.

(September arrives, carrying on her head a basket heaped high with fruit.)

SEPTEMBER

Unload me, brother. I have brought a few
Plums and these pears for you,
A dozen kinds of apples, one or two
Melons, some figs all bursting through
Their skins, and pearled with dew
These damsons violet-blue.

(While September is speaking, August lifts the basket to the ground, picks out fruits, and strolls off along the gravel walk, eating a pear as he goes.)

SEPTEMBER

My song is half a sigh
Because my green leaves die;
Sweet are my fruits, but all my leaves are dying;
And well may Autumn sigh,
And well may I
Who watch the sere leaves flying.

(October comes in briskly. He has some leafy twigs bearing nuts in one hand, and a long ripe hop-bine trailing after him from the other. A dahlia is stuck in his buttonhole.)

OCTOBER

Nay, cheer up, sister. Life is not quite over,
Even if the year has done with corn and clover,
With flowers and leaves; besides, in fact it's true,
Some leaves remain and some flowers too.
For me and you.
Now see my crops:

(Offering them to September.)

I've brought you nuts and hops;
And when the leaf drops, why, the walnut drops.

(October wreathes the hop-bine about September's neck, and gives her the nut twigs. They go into the cottage together, but leave the door open. She goes out at back door; he goes to the hearth, stirs up the fire nearly out, and places chestnuts ready to roast.)

OCTOBER

Crack your first nut and light your first fire,
Roast your first chestnut crisp on the bar;
Make the logs sparkle, stir the blaze higher;
Logs are cheery as sun or as star,
Bravely they'll keep old Winter afar.

Spring one soft day will open the leaves,
Spring one bright day will lure back the flowers;
Never fancy my whistling wind grieves,
Never fancy I've tears in my showers;
Dance, nights and days! and dance on, my hours!

(Sees November coming.)

THE FIVE SENSES

OCTOBER

Here comes my youngest sister, looking dim
And grim,
With dismal ways.
What cheer, November?

(November throws her pine cones on the fire, and sits down.)

NOVEMBER

I rock the cradle of the earth,
I lull her with a sigh,
And know that she will wake to mirth
By and by.

(October goes off.)

(Through the window December is seen running and leaping toward the door. He knocks.)

NOVEMBER

(Calls out without rising)

Ah, here's my youngest brother come at last:
Come in, December.

(He opens the door and comes in, loaded with evergreens in berry, etc.)

NOVEMBER

Come, and shut the door,
For now it's snowing fast;
It snows and will snow more and more;
Don't let it drift on the floor.
But you, you're all aglow; how can you be
Rosy and warm and smiling in the cold?

DECEMBER

Nay, no closed doors for me,
But open doors and open hearts and glee
To welcome young and old.

Dimmest and brightest month am I;
My short days end, my lengthening days begin;
What matters more or less sun in the sky,
When all is sun within?

(He begins making a wreath as he sings.)

Ivy and privet dark as night,
I weave with hips and haws a cheerful show,
And holly for a beauty and delight,
And for love here's mistletoe.

(While December sings the other Months troop in from the garden, or from the back. The Twelve join hands in a circle, and begin dancing round to a stately measure as the Curtain falls.)

THREE PAIRS AND ONE

EARS thou hast Two and Mouth but One:
The Intent dost seek?
Thou art to Listen Much, it means,
And Little Speak.

Eyes thou hast Two and Mouth but One:
Is the Mystery deep?
Much thou shalt See, it means, or Much
Thy Silence keep.

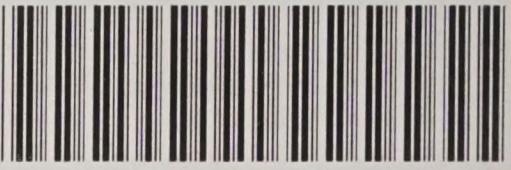
Hands thou hast Two and Mouth but One:
“Why?” dost repeat?
The Two are there to Labor with,
The One to Eat.

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